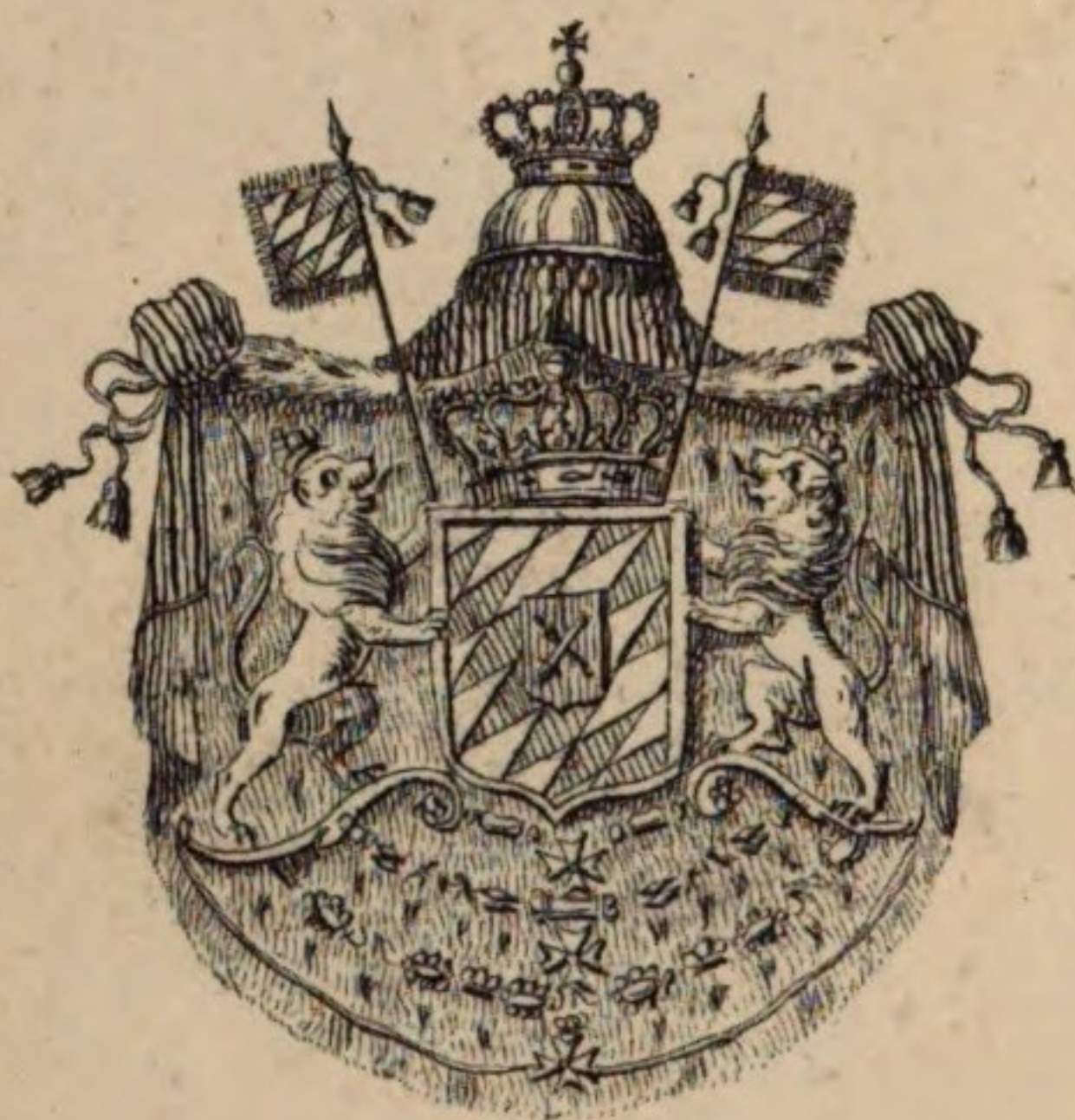


L. O. Angl. Prior

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Here's no rude ore ; no fits of heat and cold ;
Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold ;
No torc'd mysterious soarings in the clouds ;
No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods,
With such true spirit your great numbers run,
As lightning bold, but equal as the sun :
Gentle tho' strong ; and high, yet still in sight ;
Rapid, yet pure ; and easy as the light.

Verses to Prior.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
By J. Wright, No. 20, Denmark-Court ;
And sold by all the Booksel-
lers in the United
Kingdom.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

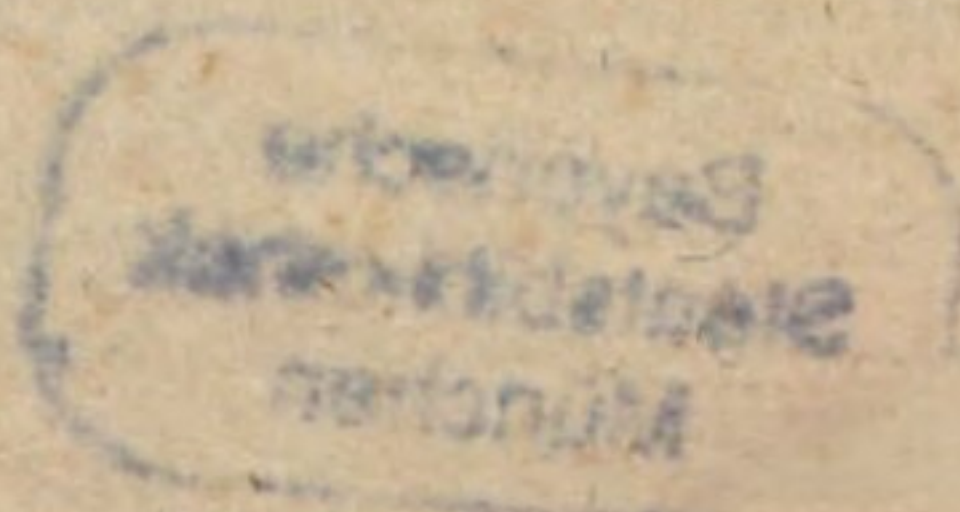
ODES,	PROLOGUES,
SONGS,	EPILOGUES,
TALES,	EPISTLES,
Ec. Ec. Ec.	

Ye Sons of Men, with just regard attend,
Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whose serious MUSE inspires him to explain
That all we act, and all we think is vain.

Solomon, Book I.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

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THE
LIFE OF PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, from an obscure original, attained to an exalted rank in life. The place of his nativity and the situation of his parents cannot be ascertained. According to some accounts he was born July 21, 1664, at Winborne, in Dorsetshire; while others relate that he was descended from George Prior, a citizen of London. With respect to rank, it is observable, that as a native of Winborne he is denominated in the Register of St John's College, Cambridge, *Filius Georgii Prior generosi*, which does not accord with the account of the meanness of his origin.

On the decease of his father, he devolved to the care of his uncle, a vintner near Charing-cross, who most faithfully discharged the trust reposed in him by his brother, as was acknowledged by his nephew with the utmost gratitude.-----Prior was placed for some time under the care of the eminent Dr. Busby, of Westminster school; but, as he was not intended for any of the scientific professions, his uncle, when he had acquired a considerable degree of classical knowledge, took him to reside at his own house, where, fortunately, as Burnet relates, he was observed by the earl of Dorset, reading Horace, and that noble lord, ever known as the patron of genius, was so pleased with his proficiency in classical learning, that he generously undertook the care and expence of his academical education.

In his eighteenth year he was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, and in a few days after was appointed, through the interest of his noble patron, a scholar of that house, on the foundation of the Duchess of Somerset, by her Grace's own recommendation. He soon became distinguished among his

contemporaries, having written during the first year of his admission a copy of Latin verses, "On the marriage of George, Prince of Denmark, with the lady Anne," which were acknowledged to possess a classical terseness of diction and harmony of numbers.

He was admitted to his Bachelor's degree in 1686, and two years afterwards produced his poem on the *Deities* as a College exercise, agreeable to the established practice of St. John's, to present the Earl of Exeter annually some poems on sacred subjects, as an acknowledgment of a benefaction enjoyed by the members, from the liberality of his venerable ancestor. This composition, though no literary eulogium was passed upon it, happens to have recommended him to the notice of the noble Earl: for his verses "to the Countess of Exeter, in praise of her Muse," and his lines, on the famous picture of "Seneca dying in a Bath," afford ground for concluding that he had been introduced to that family.

The same year he wrote, in conjunction with the honourable Charles Montague, "the City Mouse and Country Mouse," in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther." Spence, a contemporary writer, relates that Dryden was much affected by that satiric production, and introduces that great Poet's words upon the occasion, who thought it hard that "an old man should be so treated by those to whom he had always been civil." Dr. Johnson observes, upon this circumstance, that "by tales like these is the envy, raised by superior abilities, every day gratified: when they are attacked, every one hopes to see them humbled; what is hoped is readily believed, and what is believed is confidently told:" and he adds, that "Dryden had been more accustomed to hostilities, than that such enemies should break his quiet, and if we can suppose him vexed, it would be hard to deny him sense enough not to conceal his uneasiness."

From this humorous performance, the authors derived more

essential benefit than the mere gratification of fretting Dryden, for they both soon after obtained preferment. Montague, indeed, was first noticed, which occasioned some degree of discontent on the part of Prior, as appears from the following lines.

" My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd,
 " Nor would I have it long observed--
 " That one Mouse eats, while t' other's starv'd.

But Prior's cause for complaint was soon removed, for having been invited to London, by his patron the Earl of Dorset, in 1691, he was sent to the Congress at the Hague, in which was formed the grand alliance against Lewis XIV. as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador and plenipotentiary from King William. In this exalted sphere Prior conducted himself with such address, as to conciliate the king in so high a degree, that, as a testimony of his approbation, he appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, which enabled our author to devote some of the ensuing years to the quiet pursuit of literary acquirements.

The death of Queen Mary, in 1695, produced an almost universal emulation of elegy, and (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "no funeral, perhaps, was ever so poetically attended. Dryden indeed, as a man discountenanced and deprived, was silent; but scarcely any other maker of verses omitted to bring his tribute of tuneful sorrow." Among the rest, Prior presented to the King on his Majesty's arrival in Holland, an elaborate ode fraught with the highest encomiums on the character of his much loved consort, by whose decease, his Majesty, and all his loyal subjects, had sustained such irreparable loss. The bard became so enhanced in the esteem of his sovereign, that, in 1697, he was appointed secretary to the Embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, and at the conclusion of which, he was presented with a considerable sum by the Lords Justices as a remuneration for his services. The next year he was appointed to the same office at the court of Versailles, an event which furnished the following anecdote:

As Prior was one day surveying the royal apartments, being shewn the victories of Lewis le Grand, painted by Lebrun, and asked whether the king of England's palace had any such decorations? "The monuments of my master's actions," said he, "are to be seen every where but in his own house." Dr. Johnson observes, upon the occasion, that "the pictures of Lebrun are not only in themselves sufficiently ostentatious, but were explained by inscriptions so arrogant, that Boileau and Racine thought it necessary to make them more simple.

Prior had the honour of attending his sovereign in 1699 at Loo, from whom, after a long audience, he was dispatched with orders to the court of London, and upon his arrival was appointed under secretary of state in the earl of Jersey's office, which he did not long retain, as the earl was removed, but was soon after made a commissioner of trade.

In 1700 he produced the *Carmen Seculare*, one of his most elaborate and splendid compositions. His eulogium on king William surpasses all his other efforts at celebration. On this production Dr. Johnson makes the following comment.

"I mean not to accuse him of flattery: he probably thought all that he writ, and retained as much veracity as can be properly exacted from a Poet professedly encomiastic. King William supplied copious materials for either verse or prose. His whole life had been action, and none ever denied him the resplendent qualities of steady resolution and personal courage. He was really, in Prior's mind, what he represents him in his Verses. He considered him as a hero, and was accustomed to say that he praised others in compliance with the fashion, but that in celebrating King William he followed his inclination. To Prior gratitude would dictate praise, which reason would not refuse. Among the advantages to arise from the future years of William's reign he mentions a society for useful arts among them."

Since that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to judicious fix our doubtful speech;
That from our writers distant realms may know,
The thanks we to our monarchs owe;

And schools profess our tongue thro' every land,
That has invoked his aid, or blessed his hand.

Prior was elected representative for East-Grinstead in the Parliament that assembled in 1701, at which period he added to the numberless proofs of human versatility in abandoning the whig party, and joining the tories in voting for the impeachment of Lord Sommers, and other peers, charged with advising the King to the partition treaty; that very treaty in which he himself had been engaged as a ministerial agent.

The greatest part of the reign of queen Anne being occupied in the prosecution of war, and therefore affording no opportunity for employing agents in a diplomatic capacity, Prior had leisure for the exertion of his poetical genius, and availed himself of the opportunity of testifying the pleasure and satisfaction he derived from the increasing glories of his country, in an Epistle to Boileau, on the victory obtained by the Duke of Malborough at the battle of Blenheim. On this event he had to contend with two formidable rivals, Addison and Philips.

Having attained to an eminent degree of fame, both personal and literary, he was induced to publish a volume of poems, with a dedication to Lionel Duke of Dorset, containing an eulogium on his predecessor, and the poet's patron. The collection began with the *College Exercise* and ended with the *Nut-brown Maid*.

The memorable battle of Ramillies, in 1706, afforded our author another opportunity for the display of his poetical talents, in signalizing the prowess of his countrymen. His Ode on this victory is written in Spencer's stanza, and is remarked as the only composition produced by that event, which is now remembered.

As the nation became weary of the burthens of war, and the queen became dissatisfied with her Ministers; the adverse party, with Harley at their head, formed expectations of expelling the whigs from court and from power; to effect which a paper, called the *Examiner*, was published periodically,

in order to convey intelligence to the people of ministerial abuses, the avarice of generals, the tyranny of favourites, and the probability of approaching ruin. Some of the papers of the Examiner were written by Swift, some by King and other men of abilities of the party. One in particular in ridicule of Garth's verses to Lord Godolphin upon the loss of his place, was written by Prior, and answered by Addison, in a paper entitled the Whig-Examiner, published in opposition to the *Examiner*. From the tenor of the answer, Addison appears to have known the author either by conjecture or intelligence.

The Tory party having gained their ends in supplanting their opponents in the possession of the reins of government, and being desirous of effecting their purpose of putting an end to the war as speedily as possible; Prior was sent privately to Paris, with propositions of peace, in July 1711, and on his return, within the course of a month, was accompanied by M. Messnager, the French plenipotentiary. The negociation commenced at Prior's residence, where the queen's ministers met Messnager on the 20th of September, and entered privately upon the great business. His importance in that transaction is evident from the mention made of him in the following letter from lord Bolingbroke to the queen :

“ My lord treasurer (Harvey) moved, and all my lords were of opinion, that Mr. Prior should be added to those who are employed to sign; the reason for which is, because he having personally treated with Mons. de Torcy, is the best witness we can produce of the sense in which the general preliminaries are entered into; besides which, as he is best versed in matters of trade of all your Majesty's servants, who have been trusted in this secret, if you shall think fit to employ him in the future treaty of commerce, it will be of consequence that he has been a party concerned in concluding that convention which must be the rule of this treaty. *

* The assembly of this important night was in some degree clandestine.

The conference began at Utrecht on the first of January 1711-12, and the English plenipotentiaries arrived on the fifteenth, but the terms of the peace remaining for a considerable time unsettled, Lord Bolingbroke was sent to Paris to adjust differences with more expedition; Prior either accompanied or followed his Lordship, and after his departure had the appointment and authority of an ambassador at Paris, though he maintained no further character.

The court of Versailles having been disgusted by some mistake of the Queen's orders, Bolingbroke, in his letter to Prior, uses the following expressions: "Dear Matt. hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets."

Soon after the Duke of Shrewsbury went on a formal embassy to Paris: Dr. Johnson observes, that Boyar relates it to have been intended to join Prior in the commission; but that Shrewsbury refused to be associated with a man so meanly born: Prior, therefore, continued to act without a title till the Duke next year returned to England, and then he assumed the style and dignity of Ambassador.

But though he appeared at Paris only as a private person, he was honoured with the confidence of the monarch, who sent him with a letter to Queen Anne, in favour of the Elector of Bavaria.

"I shall expect (says Lewis) with impatience the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me." And while the Duke of Shrewsbury was still at Paris, Bolingbroke wrote to Prior thus:

"Monsieur de Torcy has a confidence in you, make use of time, the design of treating not being yet openly declared, and when the Whigs returned to power, was aggravated to a charge of high treason; though, as Prior remarks in his answer to the Report of the Committee of Secrecy, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries.

it once for all, upon this occasion, and convince him thoroughly, that we must give a different turn to our Parliament and our people according to their resolution at this crisis."

Prior retained his dignity and splendour, from August 13, to the August following, and continued at Paris some months after the accession of George I. when he was succeeded by the Earl of Stair. On his recall to England, he was detained by the debts he had necessarily contracted, which were not discharged for a considerable time, though his friend Montague presided at the board of treasury.

At his return to London in March 1715, he was put under arrest by an order of the House of Commons, and after having been examined by a Committee of the Privy Council; Walpole on the 10th of June, moved the House, for an impeachment against him on a charge of high treason, for holding clandestine conference with the French Plenipotentiary, and on the 17th he was committed to close custody, during which he amused himself with writing his *Alma* or the *Progress of the Mind*. In 1717, when an act of grace was passed, he was excepted, through the malignity of the party then in power, but at the close of the year they relaxed in their rigour, and the culprit was discharged.

Prior, now in a state of degradation, at the age of fifty-three, had his liberty, and only his liberty: he had expended the emoluments arising from his official situations, and all that remained for his support, was the revenue accruing from his fellowship of St. John's College; which, when in his aggrandized station, he was censured for retaining, he made this remarkable, reply, "I can live upon it at last."

His necessities now compelled him to recur to his studies, and having finished his *Solomon*, he was encouraged to make a collection of his poems, and publish them by subscription.—Through the exertion of his friends, who were numerous and powerful, the expedient was attended with success beyond his

most sanguine wishes. Dean Swift procured him many subscriptions in Ireland. The price of the volume was five guineas: the profits accruing from the publication amounted to four thousand, to which Lord Harley, son of the Earl of Oxford, to whom Prior had invariably adhered, added an equal sum for the purchase of Downhall in Essex, which, at the death of the poet, was to devolve to his patron. Dr. Johnson, upon this fortunate circumstance, observes that he had now what wits and philosophers have often wished, the power of passing the day in tranquillity and quiet, and adds, “it is not unlikely that his health declined; he complains of deafness,” for, says he, “I took little care of my ears while I was not sure if my head was my own.”

The only remaining occurrence of the life of Prior upon record is, that he formed a design of writing a *History of his own Times*, but had made but little progress in it, when a lingering fever put a period to his existence on the 18th of September, 1721, in the 57th year of his age. He departed this life at *Wimpole*, the seat of his distinguished patron the Earl of Oxford, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, whereon a monument for which (to use the phrase of Dr. Johnson) “as the last piece of human vanity” he left five hundred pounds, is engraven a Latin epitaph written by Doctor Robert Friend.

It is related by that great biographer, Dr. Johnson, that of Prior, eminent as he was, both by his abilities and station, very few memorials have been left by his contemporaries. As a statesman, at his entrance on public life, he gave proof of the duplicity and versatility peculiar to that character.

By abandoning the Whigs, with whom he had avowedly acted upon principle, and to whom he owed his promotion, his character and conduct were chargeable with apparent inconsistency and ingratitude, which ingenuity has laboured in vain to justify or explain. To whatever cause the notorious desertion of his party may have been owing, he was ardently zealous in

the service of his new friends; and, like a convert, became a Tory so determinate, that he did not willingly associate with men of opposite party.

He was one of the sixteen Tories who met weekly, and agreed to address each other by the title of *Brother*, and seems to have adhered, not only by the concurrence of political designs, but by peculiar affection, to the Earl of Oxford and his family. With how much confidence he was trusted is evident from what has already been related.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that the observation of Spence, who relates that Prior, in Pope's opinion, was fit only to make verses, and less qualified for business than Addison himself, was surely made without consideration, and confirms the same by the following statement:

“Addison, exalted to a high place, was forced into degradation by a sense of his own incapacity. Prior, who was employed by men very capable of estimating his value, having been secretary to one embassy, had, when great abilities were again wanted, the same office another time; and was, after so much experience of his knowledge and dexterity, at last sent to transact a negotiation, in the highest degree arduous and important, for which he was qualified, among other requisites, in the opinion of Bolingbroke, by his influence upon the French Minister, and by his skill in questions of commerce, above other men.”

Prior is represented as writing with the elegance of a courtier, with the refinement of a scholar and a man of genius; yet, sometimes, disposed to descend from the dignity of the poet and the statesman, to the abject pleasures of vulgar company.”

“His Chloe,” says Dr. Johnson, “probably was something ideal, but the woman with whom he cohabited was a drab of the lowest species. One of his favourites, while he was absent from his house, stole his plate, and ran away, as was related by a woman who had been his servant. Of this propensity

to fordid converse, (the Doctor adds) I have seen accounts so seriously ridiculous, that it deserves insertion.

“I have been assured (says Spence, from whom the anecdote is taken) that Prior, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale with a common soldier and his wife, in Long-Acre, before he went to bed, not from any remains of the lowness of his original, as one said, but I suppose that his faculties

“ ————— Strain'd to the height,
 “In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 “Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair.”

The biographer then observes, upon the whole, that his opinions, so far as the means of judging are left us, seems to have been right; but his life was it seems, irregular, negligent, and sensual.

Of his poetical character, the best judgment that can be formed, will result from the following observations of the last mentioned writer, whose pre-eminence as a critic is universally admitted.

“Prior has written with great variety, and his variety has made him popular.—He has tried all styles from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any, as to incur derision or disgrace.

“His Tales have obtained general approbation, being written with great familiarity and great sprightliness; the language is easy, but seldom gross, and the numbers smooth, without appearance of care. Of these tales there are only four:—*Hans Cavel* not even decent, *Paulo Purganti*, of which the same may be said as of the preceding.

“*The Ladle*, neither grave nor merry. Protogenes and Apelles, an old story, mingled by an affectation not disagreeable with modern images. The adventure of *Hans Cavel* has passed through many successions of merry wits, for it is to be

found in Ariosto's Satires ; and is perhaps yet older. But the merit of such stories is the art of telling them.

“ In his amorous effusions he is less happy ; for they are not dictated by nature, nor bent by passion. They have the coldness of Cowley without his wit, the dull exercises of a skilful versifier, resolved at all adventures to write something about Chloe, and trying to be amorous by dint of study. His fictions are therefore mythological. Venus, after the example of the Greek Epigram, asks when she was seen *naked and bathing*. Then *Cupid is mistaken*, then *Cupid is disarmed*, and then he loses his darts to *Gannymede* ; then Jupiter sends him a summons by Mercury ; then Chloe goes a hunting with *an ivory quiver graceful at her side* ; Diana mistakes her for one of her nymphs, and Cupid laughs at the blunder : and even when the poet tries to act the lover without the help of gods or goddesses, his thoughts are unaffecting or remote, he talks not ‘ like a man of this world.’

“ The greatest of all his amorous essays is Henry and Emma. The example of Emma who resolves to follow an outlawed murderer wherever fear or guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation ; and the experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy, is such as must end either in infamy to her, or in disappointment to himself.

“ His occasional poems necessarily lost part of their value, as their occasions, being less remembered, raised less emotion.—Some of them are however well preserved by their inherent excellence. The burlesque of Boileau's ode on Namur, has in some parts, such airiness and levity, as will always procure it readers, even among those who cannot compare it with the original. The epistle to Boileau is not so happy. Of the *Carmen Seculare* I cannot but suspect that I might praise or censure it by caprice without danger of detection : Yet the time has been when this work was so popular, that it was translated into Latin by no common master.

“ In his epilogues to Phedra and to Lucius, he is very happily facetious ; but in his prologues before the Queen, the Pedant has found his way with Minerva, Perseus, and Andromeda. His epigrams and lighter pieces are like those of others, sometimes elegant, sometimes trifling, and sometimes dull : amongst the best is the Camelion.

“ Scarcely any one of our poets has written so much and translated so little ; the version of Callimachus is licentious ; the paraphrase on St. Paul’s Exhortation to Charity is eminently beautiful.

“ *Alma* is written in professed imitation of *Hudibras*, and has at least one accidental resemblance. *Hudibras* wants a plan because it is left imperfect ; *Alma* is imperfect because it seems never to have had a plan. Prior appears not to have proposed to himself any drift or design, but to have written the casual dictates of the present moment.

“ What Horace said when he imitated Lucilius might be said of Butler by Prior ; his numbers were not smooth or neat : Prior excelled him in versification ; but he was like Horace, *inventore minor* ; he had not Butler’s exuberance of matter and variety of illustration. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish ; but he wanted the bullion of his master. Butler pours out a negligent profusion, certain of the weight, but careless of the stamp. Prior has comparatively little ; but with that little he makes a fine shew. *Alma* has many admirers, and was the only piece among Prior’s works, of which Pope said he should wish to be the author.

“ *Solomon* is the work to which he entrusted the protection of his name, and which he expected succeeding ages to regard with veneration. His affection was natural ; it had undoubtedly been written with great labour. He had infused into it much knowledge, and much thought ; had often polished it to elegance, often dignified it with splendour, and sometimes heightened it to sublimity : he perceived in it many excellencies, and

did not discern that it wanted that without which all others are of small avail ; the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity.

“ Yet the work is far from deserving to be neglected. He that shall peruse it, will be able to mark many passages, in which he may recur for instruction or delight ; many from which the poet may learn to write, and the philosopher to reason.

“ If Prior’s poetry be generally considered, his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention ; his great pieces are only tissues of common thoughts ; and his smaller, which consists of light images or single conceits, are not always his own, what he has valuable, he owes to his diligence and his judgment. His diligence has justly placed him amongst the most correct of the English poets : and he was one of the first that resolutely endeavoured at correctness. He never sacrifices accuracy to haste, nor indulges himself in contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleness ; he has no careless lines, or entangled sentiments ; his words are nicely selected, and his thoughts fully expanded. He had apparently such rectitude of judgment as secured him from every thing that approached the ridiculous or absurd ; but as laws operate in civil agency, not to the excitement of virtue, but the repression of wickedness ; so judgment, in the operations of intellect, can hinder faults, but not produce excellence.

“ Prior is never low, nor very often sublime. Whatever he obtains above mediocrity, seems the effort of struggle and of toil. He has many vigorous, but few happy lines ; he has every thing by purchase, and nothing by gift ; he had no *nightly visitations* of the muse ; no infusions of sentiment or felicities of fancy. His diction, however, is more his own than that of any among the successors of Dryden ; he borrows no lucky turns or commodious modes of language from his predecessors. His phrases are original ; but they are sometimes harsh ; as he

inherited no elegancies, none has he bequeathed. His expression has every mark of laborious study ; the line seldom seems to have been formed at once ; the words did not come till they were called, and were then put by constraint into their places, where they do their duty, but do it sullenly. In his greater compositions there may be found more rigid stateliness than graceful dignity.

“ Of versification he was not negligent : what he received from Dryden he did not lose ; neither did he increase the difficulty of writing by unnecessary severity. In his preface to *Solomon* he proposes some improvements, by extending the sense from one couplet to another with variety of pauses. This he has attempted, but without success ; his interrupted lines are not pleasing, and his sense is less distinct, is less striking.

“ Some of his poems are written without regularity of measure ; for, when he commenced poet, he had not recovered from our Pindaric infatuation : but he probably lived to be convinced, that the essence of verse is order and consonance.

“ His numbers are such as mere diligence may attain ; they seldom offend the ear, and seldom soothe it ; they commonly want airiness, lightness, and facility ; what is smooth is not soft. His verses always roll ; but they seldom flow !

“ A survey of the life and writings of Prior may exemplify a sentence which he doubtless understood well, when he read Horace at his uncle's : “ The vessel long retains the scent which it first receives.” In his private relaxation, he revived the tavern ; and in his amorous pedantries he exhibited the college ; but on nobler subjects, when habit was overpowered by the necessity of reflection, he wanted not wisdom as a statesman, nor elegance as a poet.”

Though the character of Prior is given, by this great critic, with admirable precision, discrimination, and force, candour must admit that it adds to many other proofs of that austerity and rigidity which seem congenial to his nature, and no incon-

considerable share of merit must be attributed to those, whose productions though they escape not his censure, appear to him in any degree worthy of his commendation.

If no eulogy is to be found of Prior, in the writings of contemporary poets, he has not remained unnoticed in succeeding times. *Gay*, *Mallet*, and *Lloyd*, have done justice to his memory in strains that do honour to their genius and candour; and Doctor Felton has left upon record the following prosaic encomium:—

“Mr. Prior enjoys the freest and easiest muse in the world, and perhaps is the only man who may rival Horace in an admirable felicity of expression, both in the sublime and familiar way. Like our celebrated Cowley he hath excelled in all kinds of poetry. In his works we meet an assembly of the Muses. Since the *Roman Swan* expired, none hath taken bolder and happier flights, or touched the lyre with a more masterly hand; and since Chaucer’s days, none hath told a merry or heroic tale so well.”



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LIONEL
Earl of
DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordship that I prefix your name to this epistle, when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is published almost against my inclination. But in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father, and most of the rest under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowment of your mind, which without suspicion of flattery I may tell you are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved, and your coming into the world and seeing men very early, make us expect from your Lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. Tu Marcellus eris,—our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning, a friend and patron to men of letters and merit, a faithful and able counsellor to your prince, a true patriot to your country, an ornament and honour to the titles you possess, and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful; and were his picture well drawn^d, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael, and at once create love and respect. While the greatness of his mein informed men they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described, that gained upon you in his favour before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all, but distinguished, and adapted to each man in particular according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: but the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him he discoursed as properly of it as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting

gesting the best authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat;

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse; and Dr. Spratt in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him that the Court tasted his *Hudibras*: Wycherley that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer*: and the Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his *Rehearsal* till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony, La Fontain and St. Evremont have acknowledged that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les belles lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature, but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure: and King Charles did not agree with Lely that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote
will

will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new, and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it was so easy, too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength; they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire, indeed, is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse

Yet even here that character may justly be applied to him with Perseus gives of the best writer in this kind that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments, and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, tho' every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen that those men who are least qualifi-
ed

ed for business love it most, my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public; but whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life, and underwent the greatest dangers with a constancy of mind which shewed that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour during that campaign was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus, or William I. of Orange giving orders over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but in a great degree his familiarity, never leaving the Court but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commis-

sions and embassies of compliment; as if the King designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit nor approved his maxims; so he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprize here in London, and under the eye of the Court, with the same resolution as his friend and fellow patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious Queen; then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne there was room again at Court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what

what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his Majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council, to show his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; But vigilant and ready to resume the helm when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character: if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses; but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought
 C 2 their

their excuse with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion: but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That every passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure, too, to hit none but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error, by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility, or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring

bouring virtue: but if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, and admirable.

He possessed all those virtues, in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life, depend: and he exercised them with the greatest decency, and best manners. As good-nature is said, by a great* author, to belong more particularly to the English, than any other nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset, than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness: and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And, during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which showed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility, with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one. He

* Sprat.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours, without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court; my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in heaven above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner

soner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved, by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty; and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenæ, the protectors of learning; Aristides the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the "*deliciæ humani generis*," on this account, than my Lord Dorset was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father, out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

*Ille dies---quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebō.*

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall
the

the memory of your's, and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life; to which that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a Dedication not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them; that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities with which Heaven has blessed you to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection; happy if, in all my endeavours, I may have contributed to your delight, or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and most humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed upon to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I MUST help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere
said,

said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public, stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written;* however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Prose and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever: and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if, some years after his "Exegi Monumentum," he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication likewise is reprinted, to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration, though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination, to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour; his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age,

* See Advertisement, p. 36.

age, or possibly our nation, has bred ; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdan sold his silk : he would not be thought a tradesman ; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now, I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once : I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross ; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.



MR Prior's Poems were published, in a handsome folio, in the year 1713, during his own life. After his death, which event happened in Sept. 1721, his Manuscripts, as well of a public as a private nature, were left, by our Author's will, to Lord Harley and Mr. Adrian Drift, his executors, with orders to destroy such as might not be proper for future inspection. In 1733-4. Mr. Samuel Humphreys of Hampstead published the Posthumous Poems of our Author, (probably at the request of his executors) at the same time obliging the world with the life of that excellent man and poet. From 1734 to these times various editions of Prior's Poems have poured from the press, but without any order or method observed in arranging the different pieces, epistles, tales, ballads, odes, epigrams, &c. being indiscriminately jumbled together, circumstances at the same time inconvenient and offensive to the reader of taste and judgment. To obviate a defect so apparent, we have ventured, in this edition of Prior's Works, to depart from the order observed by his former editors, the different pieces being here classed and arranged according to their several kinds, so that the whole of the same species of writing falls under the reader's eye in one and the same department of the book only, in place of many departments, as formerly; an alteration of some conveniences to the reader, and such as can reflect no disgrace to the figure of our Author's poems, which here present themselves under a more uniform arrangement than usual.



ODES.

AN ODE

ON EXODUS iii. 14. "I AM THAT I AM"*. .

MAN ! foolish man !

Scarce know'st thou how thyself began,
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art,
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye 5
Thro' the mysterious gulf of vast immensity :
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch ! suppress thy knowing pride,
Mortify thy learned lust :
Vain are thy thoughts while thou thyself art dust. 10

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend,
The helm let politic Experience guide ;
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What tho' still it farther tend ? 15
Still 'tis farther from its end,
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight, 19
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd,
And, ΕΥΦΗΚΑ your God, forsooth, is found
Incomprehensible and infinite.
But is he therefore found ? vain searcher ! no :
Let your imperfect definition show
That nothing you, the weak definer, know. 25

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain !
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep, 30

Written 1688. as an exercise at St. John's college Cambridge.

Why should its numerous waters stay
 In comely discipline, and fair array,
 Till winds and tides exert their high commands!
 Then, prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread 35
 Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching through different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the constant sun
 With measur'd steps his radiant journies run?
 Why does he order the diurnal hours 40
 To leave earth's other part, and rise in ours?
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
 Commanding her with delegated powers
 To beautify the world, and bless the night? 45
 Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere
 Why does each consenting sign
 With prudent harmony combine
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear, 50
 To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curiosity
 These unfathom'd wonders try:
 With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
 Matter and motion he restrains; 55
 And studied lines and fictitious circles draws:
 Then with imagin'd sovereignty
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns! How long? till some usurper rise!
 And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise, 60
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows
 That all his predecessor's rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools: 65
 That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne,
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms
 his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,
 Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit 70
 To Reason's batt'ries or the mines of Wit:
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press,
 And, levelling at God his wand'ring guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war, 75
 Which guides his doubts and combats his despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give,
 Can bound that nature and prescribe that will
 Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill, 79
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
 Thro' either ocean, foolish man! [and live.
 That pregnant Word sent forth again
 Might to a world extend each atom there,
 For ev'ry drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for ev'ry star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide, 85
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top,
 Then mock thy knowledge and confound thy pride.
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd; 90
 How by her patient victor Death was slain,
 And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
 Only reserve the sacred one:
 Low, reverently low, 95
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
 Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
 Deject thyself that thou may'st rise:
 To look to heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith for Reason's glimm'ring light shall give
 Her immortal perspective, 101
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see

That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could invent 105
 So politic an instrument,
 To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd, 110
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road
 Which faith had dictated and angels trod. 112

AN ODE.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign. 5

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
 On power you know I must obey?
 Exert a legal tyranny,
 And do an ill because you may? 10
 Still must I thee, as Atheists Heaven, adore;
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
 Soon must those glories of thy face 15
 The fate of vulgar beauty find:
 The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
 A hateful wrinkle more appears;
 And putting peevish humours on,
 Seems but the sad effect of years:
 Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
 To raise the feeble fires of aged love. 20

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
 Will show thee just above neglect :
 The heat with which thy lover glows,
 Will settle into cold respect :
 A talking dull Platonic I shall turn :
 Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

25

30

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
 Kindness and constancy will prove
 The only pillars, fit to bear
 So vast a weight as that of love.
 If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

35

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present voice ;
 Fill every sense with soft delights,
 And give thy soul a loose to joys :
 Let millions of repeated blisses prove
 That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

40

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine ; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
 To me alone ; nor come so far,
 As liking any youth beside :
 What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
 They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

45

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage ;
 So, thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age :
 So time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

50

54

ANODE.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind ;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas ! but little art
To have this fatal secret found ;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you can shew the wound.

III.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as op'ning east are fair ?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair ?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release :
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

AN ODE TO A LADY.

*She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving
me in the Argument.*

SPARE, gen'rous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue ;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied ;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight ;

For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and, as he fled, he flew.

AN ODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

10

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung, and gaz'd : I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

16

AN ODE.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

*On his Majesty's arrival in Holland, after the Queen's
death, 1695.*

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene.

AT Mary's tomb (sad sacred place!)
The Virtues shall their vigils keep,
And ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace
In solemn state shall ever weep.

II

The future pious mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat;
Ages to come and men unborn
Shall bless her name and sigh her fate.

10

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad relics guard,
Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

15

V.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
 Reflecting on his fair renown,
 And take the cypress from his brows,
 To put his wonted laurels on. 20

VI.

If press'd by grief our monarch stoops,
 In vain the British lions roar:
 If he whose hand sustain'd them droops,
 The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief 25
 Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead,
 And in kind murmurs chide that grief
 Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
 Who still to conquest led the way, 30
 Wishing him present to command,
 As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy which us'd to glow
 Expanded on the hero's face,
 When the thick squadrons press'd the foe, 35
 And William led the glorious chase.

X.

To give the mournful nations joy
 Restore them thy auspicious light,
 Great Sun! with radiant beams destroy
 Those clouds which keep thee from our sight. 40

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
 For Mary's setting rays atone;
 Our lustre, with redoubled force,
 Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King! with diff'rent strife 45
 Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn:
 So much she fears for William's life
 That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
 Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve; 50
 But let her strength in thee be safe;
 And let her weep, but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel! save the land
 From thy own grief, her fiercest foe,
 Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy hand, 55
 Should bend, and sink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain
 Unless new trophies still be fought,
 And hoary Majesty sustain
 The battles which thy youth has fought. 60

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love
 Which made her hate the war's alarms?
 That soft excess with which she strove
 To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring, 65
 Which call'd him o'er his subject seas,
 While for the safety of the king,
 She wish'd the victor's glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
 Hastens her lord to foreign wars: 70
 Happy if toils may break his woe,
 Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
 Lest he the rising grief should hear;
 She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes, 75
 Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince! let France be taught
 How constant minds by grief are try'd,
 How great the land that wept and fought,
 When William led and Mary died! 80

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none
But that which struck the beauteous Queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief, 85
While yet her master was not near,
With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes; 90
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles as William ne'er had mourn'd; 95
She looks as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim
She does for thy content resign;
Her piety itself would blame
If her regrets should weaken thine. 100

XXVI.

To cure thy woe she shews thy fame,
Lest the great mourner should forget
That all the race whence Orange came
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight, 105
And with his blood her freedom seal;
Maurice and Henry guard that right
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell: 110
Excelling others these were great;
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give
 Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd,
 And shew the world that thou canst live
 Intrepid as thy consort dy'd. 115

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
 No dire event could ever stay,
 Must carry on its destin'd course
 Tho' Death and Envy stop the way. 120

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live;
 Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
 New toils endure, new conquest give,
 And bring them ease, tho' thou hast none.

XXXII.

Vanquish again, tho' she be gone 125
 Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair;
 And reign, tho' she has left the throne
 Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before 130
 Breath'd to her king an useless pray'r;
 Fond Belgia never did implore
 While William turn'd averse his ear.

XXXIV.

But should the weeping hero now
 Relentless to their wishes prove, 135
 Should he recal, with pleasing woe,
 The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
 Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
 Her power with boundless joy confest,
 Her person only not ador'd: 140

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be check'd;
 Yet ought his passions to abate;
 If the great mourner would reflect,
 Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea. 145

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame: 150
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace 155
The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wise fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death. 160

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While she, great saint, rejoices heaven;
And thou sustain'st the orb below. 164

AN ODE.

TO MR. HOWARD.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of love
Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I untouch'd the fair one's passions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Appelles when young Ammon brought 5
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes :
 Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew : 10
 Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,
 And, as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
 What different tortures does his bosom feel !
 Great was the rival, and the god severe : 15
 Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
 With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress ;
 Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
 And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace. 20

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
 Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art :
 But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
 And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart !

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain ; 25
 Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r ;
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain ;
 Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care 30
 I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal ;
 Given thee the world ; though I withheld the fair. 32

AN ODE.

Inscribed to the Memory of

THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the country of Friuli, 1703.

In imitation of Horace, lib. I. ode 28.

Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Menforem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail,
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began 5
 To spread a doubtful down and promise man?
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
 In vigour more confirm'd and riper years,
 To wake ere morning-dawn to loud alarms,
 And march till close of night in heavy arms, 10
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
 And search thro' ev'ry clime thy country's foes?
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage,
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage,
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?
 In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r 16
 To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
 Our term of life depends not on our deed:
 Before our birth our fun'ral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance, 20
 Imperious Death directs his ebon lance, [dance.
 Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's
 Alike must ev'ry state and ev'ry age
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage,
 For neither William's pow'r nor Mary's charms 25
 Could or repel or pacify his arms.
 Young Churchill fell as life began to bloom,
 And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.

Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head ; 30
 Judges of writings and of men have dy'd,
 Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde ;
 And in their various turns the sons must tread
 Those gloomy journies which their fires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain 35
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
 And modern Aſgyll, whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught, 40
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;
 Fearful of fate they meet it in the sea :
 Some, who escape the fury of the wave, 45
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave.
 In journies or at home, in war or peace,
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.
 Each changing season does its poison bring,
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring : 50
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
 All act subservient to the tyrant's pow'r ;
 And when obedient Nature knows his will
 A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads 55
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads,
 And on the spacious land and liquid main
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :
 Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign.

On curs'd Piava's banks the goddess stood, 60
 Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood,
 When, what I long must love and long must mourn,
 With fatal speed was urging his return,
 In his dear country to disperse his care,
 And arm himself by rest for future war, 65
 To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
 And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh ! destin'd head ; and, oh ! severe decree,
 Nor native country thou nor friend shalt see ;
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come,
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.
 Hark ! the imperious goddess is obey'd ;
 Winds murmur, snows descend, and waters spread.
 Oh ! Kinsman, Friend—Oh ! vain are all the cries
 Of human voice, strong Destiny replies :
 Weep you on earth, for he shall sleep below ;
 Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or bus'ness leads
 To this sad river, or the neighb'ring meads,
 If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
 To find the object which this verse deplores,
 Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
 From the polluting weed and common sand ;
 Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
 (The only honour he can now receive)
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
 And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow ;
 Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough !

So may just Heav'n secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers and domestic strife ;
 And when th' infernal Judge's dismal pow'r
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;
 When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now,
 May some kind friend the piteous object see,
 And equal rites perform to that which once was thee !

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN,

On the glorious success of her Majesty's Arms, 1706.

Written in Imitation of Spenser's Style.

“ Te non paventis funera Gallia,
 “ Duræque tellus audit Iberia:
 “ Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
 “ Compositis venerantur armis.”

Hor.

PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book.

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,” &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's; *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *proweys*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *Iween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that

kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavara for that prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

“ Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo
“ Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it: however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and, upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

“ From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood: ”

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas, relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man, in his poetical capacity, is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression, in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those

talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that Curiosa Felicitas in the choice of their diction which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and flowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

AN ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
 And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars,
 Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
 He saw his fame increasing with his years,
 Horace, great bard, (so fate ordain'd) arose, 5
 And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
 Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
 And set their battles in eternal light:
 High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
 And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song. 10

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
 Widely distributing her high commands,
 And, boldly wise and fortunately great,
 Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands,
 An equal genius was in Spenser found; 15
 To the high theme he match'd his noble lays;
 He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
 In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:
 Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams
 He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams. 20

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
 Which nor Augustus nor Eliza knew,
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
 What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say, 25
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
 O fairest model of imperial sway!
 What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?
 Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
 Nor yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse? 30

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet;
 Yet if the sov'reign Lady deigns to smile
 I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
 And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style:
 By these examples rightly taught to sing, 35
 And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
 High as Olympus I my flight will raise,
 And latest times shall in my numbers read
 Anna's immortal fame and Marlbro's hardy deed. 40

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
 Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
 Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
 Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king, 45
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows,
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
 And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire. 50

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough fate,
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
 Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
 And gives her second thunder to his hand:
 Then leaving sweet repose and gentle ease, 55
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe,

Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
 He meditates and strikes the wondrous blow.
 Our thought flies slower than our General's fame;
 Grasps he the bolt? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the

VII.

[flame.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain 61
 Did from afar the British chief behold,
 Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
 Something within his warring bosom roll'd :
 He views that fav'rite of indulgent Fame, 65
 Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore;
 Too well, alas! the man he knows the same
 Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r,
 And sent them trembling thro' the frightened lands,
 Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve; 71
 Absolves his fate if with a kinder ray
 It now would shine, and only give him leave
 To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
 So the fell lion, in the lonely glade, 75
 His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
 Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new war,
 In sullen fury traverses the plain
 To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again. 80

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
 Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
 Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
 Confess the force of Marlbro's stronger star.
 Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth) 85
 Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
 While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
 Thy sword did godlike Liberty maintain,
 Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
 And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier

X.

[head.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame, 91
 And human faults with human grief confess;

'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same;
 From thy ill councils date thy ill success:
 Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
 Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline;
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
 He now defends the cause that once was thine.
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue,
 For Jove's great handmaid, Pow'r, must Jove's decrees

95

XI.

[pursue.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms! 101
 Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord, 105
 And all of William that was mortal dy'd,
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side:
 Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
 Where'er great William led or Maese and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour 111
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
 The master-sword, disposer of thy pow'r:
 'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
 He took the gift: Nor ever will I sheath 115
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain)
 The General said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistresses bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take. 120

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down thro' Russia's lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide 125
 (If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare)
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war:

Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats,
And still the foaming wave with lessen'd pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance, 131
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame, 135
Behold them rushing thro' the Gallic host ;
Thro' standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation :
Pale Death attends their arms, and ghastly Desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows, 141
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate,
While Britain presses her afflicted foes,
What horror damps the strong and quells the great?
Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread? 146
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail,
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar; 151
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's sound ;
I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war :—
Ever to Vengeance sacred be the ground—
Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again 155
In greater glory, and with fuller light ;
The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd. 160

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd ;
The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field :
The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods sustain'd ;
Freedom must live, and lawless pow'r must yield.

Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell, 165
 That wav'ring Conquest still desires to rove!
 In Marlbro's camp the goddess knows to dwell;
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.
 Again France flies, again the Duke pursues,
 And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O Captain, great in arms! receive 171
 From thy triumphant country's public voice;
 Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils, 175
 We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat:
 We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
 And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete.
 For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
 In characters like these did e'er his acts indite. 180

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
 Those goodly deeds, which we so highly prize,
 Imperfect seem, great Chief, to thee alone.
 Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,
 And on the subject world look'd safely down, 186
 By Marlbro' pass'd, the props and steps were made
 Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's renown:
 Still gaining more, still fighting what he gain'd, 189
 Nought done the hero deem'd while ought undone re-

XX.

[main'd.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul
 How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled,
 He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall,
 And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
 And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar, 195
 Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
 Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
 Has the foe's glory or our grief an end?
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost, [coast?
 To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd

XXI.

To the close rock the frightened raven flies, 200
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air :
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
 Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
 To dare our British foes to open fight : 205
 Our conquest we by stratagem should make :
 Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
 'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain :
 'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood, 210
 Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
 From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
 And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes :
 And this be Trynovante, he said, the seat
 By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place : 215
 Superior here to all the bolts of fate
 Live, mindful of the author of your race.
 Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
 Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow : 220
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
 Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
 And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field :
 Hence Nevel, great to settle or dethrone,
 And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea : 225
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
 Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny :
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal :
 For, oh ! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to tell ?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak, 230
 Which on her mountain top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the ax, and sproutes against the stroke ;
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies ; 235

So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
 And every age she with a race is crown'd,
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel;
 Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain.
 Nor France on universal sway intent,
 Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars;
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars;
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
 What tidings shall the messenger convey?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
 Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
 They to my statue now must bow no more:
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
 The woman chief is master of the war:
 Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heaven

XXVII.

[by prayer.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
 What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends;
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
 Oh! deign to let the eldest of the nine
 Recite Britannia great and Gallia free;
 Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join
 To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
 To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer king.

XXVIII.

Let Europe, sav'd, the column high erect,
 Than Trojan's higher, or than Antonine's,

Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
 And full achievement of thy great designs.
 In a calm heav'n and a serener air, 275
 Sublime the queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage below.

XXIX.

There fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost, 28
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
 Shall fix his foot: And this, be this the land,
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain, 285
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie, or crown'd I'll reign—
 O Virtue, to thy British Mother dear!
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide. 290

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
 Spain, from the usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd, 295
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numb'ring the wonders which that youth achiev'd
 Whom Anna clad in arms and sent to war,
 Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne, 299
 And made him more than king in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Isther, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
 Rolling, shall bid his eastern waves declare
 Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
 And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear;
 Shall bid them mention Marlbro', on that shore 305
 Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
 Thro' climes where never British chief before
 Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms;

Shall bid them bleſs the queen, who made his ſtreams
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with tow'rs, 311
With decent joy ſhall her deliv'rer meet,
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bleſs thy pow'rs,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubjects feet.

Flandria, by plenty made the home of War, 315
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd,

With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care
In having drawn and having ſheath'd the ſword.

From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know 319
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie ;

And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,

Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry ;

And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright, 325

Marks of high power and national command,

Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,

Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand :

Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield, 329

From Creſſy's battle ſav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,

The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee

Thy emblem, gracious queen, the Britiſh roſe,

Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty :

The northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand 335

Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween ;

Hibernia's harp, device of her command,

And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen :

Thy vanquiſh'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,

Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn. 340

XXXV.

Beneath, great queen, oh ! very far beneath,

Next to the ground and on the humble baſe,

To ſave herſelf from darkneſs and from death,

That muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place :

Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
 For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing;
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease, 349
 Hangs up her greatful harp to conquest, and to peace.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

-----ab ipso
 Ducit opes animumque ferro. *Hor.*

IN one great *now*, superior to an age,
 The full extremes of nature's force we find:
 How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage
 Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand, 5
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives: 10
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame;
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife, 15
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found. 20

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;

A stranger to her altars, and her land ;
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care : 25
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguish : in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heaven ? 30
No higher can aspiring virtue soar :
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given, 32

AN ODE.

In imitation of

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

Written in the year 1692,

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose
By which thy close thy constant enemy
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate Isle, or cease to own 5
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done,
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they
William (so Fate requires) again is arm'd, [won.
Thy father to the field is gone,
Again Maria weeps her absent Lord, 10
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd ?
When William fights dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd, [sword ?
As not to melt at Beauty's tears nor follow Valour's

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes, 16
Her vicious chains the gen'rous goddess breaks ;
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd ;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lords command, 20
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand,

And, blushing to have been so long withheld,
 Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field :
 Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous toil and active war : 25
 To march beneath the dogstar's raging heat,
 Patient of summer's drought and martial sweat,
 And only grieve in winters, camp to find
 Its days too short for labours they design'd :
 All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch, 30
 All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach,
 And all the rugged paths to tread
 Where William and his virtue led.

III.

Silence is the soul of war ;
 Delib'rate counsel must prepare 35
 The mighty work which valour must complete :
 Thus William rescued, thus preserves, the state,
 Thus teaches us to think and dare ;
 As, whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breath
 Avenging anger and swift death, 40
 In the try'd metal the close dangers glow,
 And now, too late, the dying foe
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow ;
 So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate, 45
 No more of his design appears
 Than what awakens Gallia's fears,
 And (tho' Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted Lewis can decry
 Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh. 50

IV.

On Norman coasts, and banks of frightened Seine,
 Lo! the impending storms begin ;
 Britannia safely through her master's sea
 Plows up her victorious way :
 The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain 55
 Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.
 'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
 Swift victory, in 'vengeful flames,
 Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names :

They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
 And the torn vessels that regain their coast
 Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost.
 All this the mild the beauteous Queen has done,
 And William's softer half shakes Lewis' throne.
 Maria does the sea command,
 Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
 So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
 Governs the isles and rules the waves alone;
 So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
 Io, Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
 Whilst Ruffel strikes the blow thy Queen ordains.
 Thus rescued, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand.
 Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

65

70

V.

75

80

85

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95

From Mary's conquests and the rescu'd main
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
 And boast her joy for William's death no more.
 He lives, let France confess the victor lives:
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
 The mighty years begin, the days draw nigh
 In which *that one* of Lewis' many wives*
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
 Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high
 Cast around her mournful eye,
 And with prophetic sorrow cry,
 Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage
 The angry lion's gen'rous rage,
 The rav'nous vulture and the bird of night,
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,
 As Lewis to unequal arms defy
 Yon hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
 Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.

* Madame Maintenon.

See! all yon dusty fields, quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;
 Orange destin'd to complete 100
 The great designs of labouring Fate;
 Orange the name that tyrants dread:
 He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
 Down like the Persian goes the Gallic throne;
 Darius flies; young Ammon urges on. 105

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
 Impatient to secure a base retreat;
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
 For the vile privilege to breath, 110
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
 In vain; for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
 His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound, 115
 Whilst thro' the fiercest troops and thickest press
 Virtue carries on success;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,
 And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives; 120
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
 Æneas suffer'd and Achilles fought;
 The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
 Or Virgil's majesty and Homer's rage
 Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd age. 125
 Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns
 With drums' alarms and trumpets' sounds;
 Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
 From danger as from honour far,
 He bribes close Murder against open War, 130
 In vain you Gallic Muses strive
 With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive;
 Your mould'ring monuments in vain you raise
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise;
 Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane 135

'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,
 Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man,
 That had no soul from Heav'n.
 Against his will you chain your frightened king
 On rapid Rhine's divided bed,
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
 The wounds for which he never bled;
 Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
 And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

140

VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
 And Virtue is her own reward;
 With solid beams and native glory bright,
 She neither darkness dreads nor covets light;
 True to herself, and fix'd to in-born laws,
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
 She from her settled orb looks calmly down
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.
 When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
 To foreign arms and inward strife a prey;
 Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the patriots mind;
 When storms let loose, and raging seas,
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
 Nor all the Siren songs of future peace,
 And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,
 Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood
 To that which was severly good;
 Then had no trophies justify'd his fame,
 No poet bless'd his song with Nassau's name;
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
 And Heav'n as plainly pointed out the King,
 As when he at the altar stood
 In all its types and robes of pow'r,
 Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

145

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155

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164

170

174

IX.

Say joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
 (For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
 When William's armies pass'd, did he retire,
 Or view from far the battle's distant fire;
 Could he believe his person was too dear? 180
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
 Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move?
 Arm'd with heaven's justice, and his people's love,
 Through the first waves he wing'd his venturous way,
 And on the adverse shore arose, 185
 (Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose).
 Like the great ruler of the day,
 With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea:
 Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
 The god has eas'd his wearied light, 190
 Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
 Or William's labours found repose.
 When his troops falter'd, stept not he between?
 Restor'd the dubious fight again,
 Mark'd out the coward that durst fly, 195
 And led the fainting brave to victory?
 Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful course still brought her bleeding back?
 By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
 Was he not king, commander, soldier, all? 200
 His dangers such as, with becoming dread,
 His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read:
 And were not those the only days that e'er
 The pious prince refus'd to hear
 His friends' advices, or his subjects' prayer? 205

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
 Or fills his vassals' tributary urns;
 To Belgia's fav'd dominions, and the sea,
 Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway? 210
 Is there a town where children are not taught,
 Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought?
 Through rapid waters, and through flying fire;
 Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France retire?

By different nations be his valour blest,
 In different languages confest;
 And then let Shannon speak the rest:
 Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,
 When conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;
 The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait:
 And, scorning glory at a price too great,
 With so much power, such piety did join,
 As made a perfect virtue soar
 A pitch unknown to man before;
 And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

215

220

225

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
 The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
 His enemies approve the pious war,
 Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.
 More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes,
 They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
 Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
 And 'tis for man's delight that he is great;
 Succeeding times shall with long joy contend
 If he were more a victor or a friend:
 So much his courage and his mercy strive,
 He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

230

235

XII.

Ye Heroes! that have fought your country's cause,
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
 To my advent'rous song just witness bear,
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
 But solid story and severest truth,
 That William treasures up a greater name
 Than any country, any age, can boast;
 And all that ancient stock of fame
 He did from his forefathers take
 He has improv'd, and gives with interest back,

240

245

And in his constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light :
 Above or Envy's lash or Fortune's wheel,
 That settled glory shall for ever dwell,
 Above the rolling orbs and common sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

259

XIII.

Where roves the Muse ? where, thoughtless to return,
 Is her short-lived vessel borne,
 By potent winds, too subject to be tost,
 And in the sea of William's praises lost ?
 Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore
 Where our abandon'd youth she sees
 Shipwreck'd in luxury and lost in ease ;
 Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
 Nor William's exemplary virtue warm :
 Tell 'em, howe'er, the King can yet forgive
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
 And let their wounded honour live :
 But sure and sudden be their just remorse :
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course :
 For tho' for certain years and destin'd times
 Merit has lain confus'd with crimes,
 Tho' Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
 Nor scourg'd our follies nor return'd our pray'rs,
 His justice now demands the equal scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails ;
 Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
 And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

256

260

265

270

276

O D E

PROMESSE DE L'AMOUR.

HIER, l'Amour touchè du son
 Que rendoit ma lire qu'il aime.
 Me promet pour une chanson,
 Deux baisers de sa main mème.

4

II.

Non, luy dis-je, tu scais mes vœux.
 Tu connois quel penchant m'entraîne,
 Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
 Pour un seul baiser de Climène.

III.

Il me promet ce deux retour,
 Ma lire en eut plus de tendresse ;
 Mais vous, Climene, de l'amour
 Aquiterez-vous la promesse ?

CUPID'S PROMISE.

PARAPHRASED.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,
 The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
 In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
 And utter'd thus his fond desire.

II.

Oh ! raise thy voice, one song I ask,
 Touch then th' harmonious string ;
 To Thyrsis easy is the task,
 Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
 Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;
 None, none like Beauty's queen is fair ;
 Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

IV.

I strait reply'd, thou know'st, alone,
 That brightest Cloe rules my breast,
 I'll sing thee two instead of one
 If thou'lt be kind and make me blest.

V.

One kiss from Cloe's lips, no more
 I crave. He promis'd me success :
 I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
 My glowing passion to express.

But, oh ! my Cloe, beauteous maid,
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow ?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And by thy grant his power show ?

24



SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF

King John & the Abbot of Canterbury.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
Greve,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet. 4

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post
Find their pains no more baulk'd and their hopes no

Derry down, &c. [more crost.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known,

And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale. 12

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to assist but a grave cordelier? 16

Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show shou'd begin,
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the car,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart. 20

Derry down, &c.

What frights you thus, my good Son? says the priest?
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.

O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd but that I was taken. 24

Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the Church do the rest. 28

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me as I knew not my trade:
Courage, Friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better believe me to-morrow. 32

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow, our hero reply'd, in a fright, [night,
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup. [up,

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace
Would you be so kind as to go in my place. 40

Derry down, &c.

That I would quoth the Father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a fast. 44

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade,
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die. 48

Derry down, &c.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
 You wish fair winds may waft him over :
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove
 That bear me far from what I love ?
 Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain
 From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
 To wish the wildest tempests loose,
 That thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

A SONG.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phoebus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl :
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Cloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own,
 Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR.

Par les Armes du Roi,

L'Annee 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

QUELLE docte et saint yvresse
 Aujourd' d' hui me fait la loy ?
 Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
 N'est-ce pas voux que je voy ?
 Accourez, troupe sçavante :
 Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
 Ces arbres sont réjouis :
 Marquez en bien la cadence :
 Et vous, vents, faites silence :
 Je vais parler de Louis.

5

10

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
 Comme un aigle audacieux,
 Pindare étendant ses ailles,
 Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
 Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
 Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
 Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
 Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
 N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
 La douceur de tes accords.

15

20

III.

Est-ce Appolon et Neptune,
 Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
 Ont, compagnons de fortune,
 Basti ces murs orgueilleux ?
 De leur enceinte fameuse
 La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
 Deffend le fatal abord ;
 Et par cent bouches horribles
 L'airain sur ces monts terribles
 Vomit le fer, et la mort.

25

30

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

On the Taking of NAMUR,

*By the King of Great Britain, 1695.**Dulce est desipere in loco.*

I and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it;
 So might not Bacchus give you law:
 Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,
 Or virgin of Saint Cyr, you saw?
 Why all this fury? what's the matter,
 That oaks must come from Thrace to dance,
 Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
 And is there no such wood in France?
 Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
 If they a little breath should raise,
 Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,
 Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
 While Virtue leads the noble way;
 Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
 Where sordid int'rest shews the prey.
 When once the poet's honour ceases,
 From reason far his transports rove;
 And Boileau for eight hundred pieces
 Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
 Shap'd like Magrigny and Vauban;
 They arm'd these rocks, then show'd old Jove
 Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
 Such walls these three wise gods agreed
 By human force could ne'er be shaken;
 But you and I in Homer read
 Of gods as well as men mistaken.
 Sambre and Maese their waves may join,
 But ne'er can William's force restrain,
 He'll pass them both who pass'd the Boyne;
 Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
 Les bordant de toutes parts,
 D'éclairs au loin homicides
 Font petiller leurs remparts :
 Et dans son sein infidele
 Par tout la terre y recele
 Un feu prest à s'élaner,
 Qui soudain percant son goufre,
 Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre
 A quiconque ose avancer.

35

40

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
 Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans
 Sans fruit veu les funerailles
 De ses plus fiers combattans.
 Quelle effroyable puissance
 Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
 Preste à foudroyer tes monts ?
 Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
 C'est Jupiter en personne ;
 Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

45

50

VI.

N'en doute point : c'est luy-mesme.
 Tout brille en luy ; tout est Roy.
 Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
 Commence à trembler pour toy.
 En vain il voit le Batâve,
 Deformais docile esclâve,
 Rangé sous ses étendars :
 En vain au Lion Belgique
 Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
 Uni sous les Leopards.

55

60

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
 Dont ses sens sont agités,
 A son secours il appelle
 Les peuples les plus vantés.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
 With fire and sword the fort maintain;
 Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
 Yet out they march'd like common men;
 Cannons above and mines below
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive,
 Yet matters have been order'd so
 That most of us are still alive.

40

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy,
 Then Britain's Boys excell'd the Greeks;
 Their siege did ten long years employ;
 We've done our business in ten weeks.
 What godhead does so fast advance
 With dreadful pow'r those hills to gain?
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France,
 No godhead, but the first of men.
 His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
 To keep ev'n Mons's victor under;
 And that same Jupiter no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

45

50

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
 Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
 To Bruxelles marches on secure
 To bomb the Monks and scare the Ladies.
 After this glorious expedition,
 One battle makes the Marshal great,
 He must perform the King's commission;
 Who knows but Orange may retreat?
 Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
 Or be prevail'd with not to fight;
 And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
 That William would preserve that right.

55

60

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
 See ev'ry mother's son appear:
 In such a case ne'er blame a foe
 If he betrays some little fear.

65

Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
 Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
 De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux ;
 Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
 Des marais de la Norvège
 Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

65

70

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
 Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
 Des froids torrens de Decembre
 Les champs par tout sont noyes.
 Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
 De voir en proie à Borée
 Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
 Et sous les urnes fangeuses
 Des Hyades oraguetes
 Tous ses trésors submergés.

75

80

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
 Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
 Ramassez tous vos nuages ;
 Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
 Malgré vous Namur en poudre
 S'en va tomber sous la foudre
 Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
 Gand la superbe Espagnole,
 Saint Omer, Bezancon, Dole,
 Ypres, Mastricht, et Cambray.

85

90

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent ;
 Il commence à chanceler :
 Sous les coups qui retentissent
 Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.

He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes,
 Finds a small river in his way ; 70
 So waves his colours, beats his drums,
 And thinks it's prudent there to stay.
 The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
 The Marshal cares not to march faster ;
 Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here 75
 We fancy'd all it was his master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
 Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace ;
 No torrents swell the low Mehayne ?
 The world will say he durst not pass. 80
 Why will no Hyades appear,
 Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre ?
 Just as they did that mighty year
 When you turn'd June into December.
 The water-nymphs are, too, unkind 85
 To Vill'roy ; are the land-nymphs so ?
 And fly they all, at once combin'd
 To shame a gen'ral and a beau ?

IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
 May join to finish William's story ; 90
 Nations set free may bless his name,
 And France in secret own his glory ;
 But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
 Besançon, Ghent, Saint Omers, Lisle,
 Courtray and Dole—Ye critics, say, 95
 How poor to this was Pindar's style ?
 With ekes and alsos tack thy strain,
 Great Bard ! and sing the deathless prince
 Who lost Namur the same campaign
 He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynse. 100

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out ;
 I'd tell it you but for the rattle
 Of those confounded drums : no doubt
 Yon bloody rogues intend a battle.
 Dear me ! a hundred thousand French 105

Mars en feu qui les domine,
 Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine;
 Et les bombes dans les airs
 Allant chercher le tonnere,
 Semblant tombant sur la terre,
 Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers. 95 100

XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
 De ces murs l'unique espoir;
 A couvert d'une riviere
 Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
 Confiderez ces approches 105
 Voyez grimper sur ces roches
 Ces athletes belliqueux;
 Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
 Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
 Marcher, courir avecque eux. 110

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
 Qui sort de ces boulevars,
 La plume qui sur sa teste
 Attire tous les regards.
 A cet astre redoubtable 115
 Toûjour un fort favorable
 S'attache dans les combats :
 Et toûjours avec la gloire
 Mars amenant la victoire
 Vôle, et le suit à grands pas. 120

XIII.

Grands deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
 Montrez-vous : il en est temps :
 Courage ! vers la Mahagne
 Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
 Jamais ses ondes craintives 125
 N'ont veû sur leurs foibles rives
 Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
 Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
 Tout l'univers vous regarde.
 N'osez-vous la traverser ? 130

With terror fill the neighb'ring field,
 While William carries on the trench
 Till both the town and castle yield.
 Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
 Says Mars, thro' cannons mouth in fire! 110
Id est, one Marshal of France
 Tells t'other he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
 Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post,
 For having seen it, thou canst say 115
 The steps by which Namur was lost.
 The smoke and flame may vex thy sight;
 Look not once back; but, as thou goest,
 Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
 And bid the devil take the slowest. 120
 Think not what reason to produce
 From Louis to conceal thy fear:
 He'll own the strength of thy excuse,
 Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather 125
 That us'd to shine so like a star;
 The Gen'als could not get together
 Wanting that influence, great in war;
 O Poet! thou hadst been discreeter,
 Hanging the Monarch's hat so high, 130
 If thou hadst dubb'd thy star a meteor
 That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight
 Namur in vain expects that ray;
 In vain France hopes the sickly light 135
 Should shine near William's fuller day.
 It knows Versailles, its proper station,
 Nor cares for any foreign sphere:
 Where you see Boileau's constellation
 Be sure no danger can be near. 140

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
 A vos nombreux bataillons,
 Luxembourg a du rivage
 Reculé ses pavillons,
 Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ? 135
 Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
 Jadis si prompts à marcher,
 Qui devoient de la Tamise,
 Et de la Drave soumise,
 Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ? 140

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
 Sur les remparts de Namur
 Son gouverneur qui se trouble
 S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
 Déjà jusques à ses portes 145
 Je voy monter nos cohortes,
 La flame et le fer en main :
 Et sur les monceaux de piques,
 De corpes morts, de rocs, de briques,
 S'ouvrir un large chemin. 150

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
 Sur ces rochers épurdus
 Battre un signal pour se rendre :
 Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
 Dépouillez vôt're arrogance, 155
 Fiers ennemis de la France,
 Et de formais gracieux,
 Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
 Porter les humbles nouvelles
 De Namur pris à vous yeux. 160

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force,
 And William met them in their way,
 Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse;
 What has friend Boileau left to say?
 When his high Muse is bent upon't, 145
 To sing her King, that great commander,
 Or on the shores of Hellespont,
 Or in the vallies near Scamander,
 Would it not spoil his noble task
 If any foolish Phrygian there is 150
 Impertinent enough to ask
 How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
 Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire;
 Leave 'em behind you honest Friend, 155
 And with your countrymen retire.
 Your ode is spoilt; Namur is freed:
 For Dixmuyd something yet is due;
 So good Count Guiscard may proceed;
 But, Boufflers, Sir, one word with you— 160

XVI.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders
 Who neither fight nor raise the siege,
 The foes of France march safe thro' Flanders,
 Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.
 Send, Fame, this news to Trianon, 165
 That Boufflers may new honours gain;
 He the same play by land has shown
 As Tourville did upon the main.
 Yet is the Marshal made a Peer:
 O, William! may thy arms advance, 170
 That he may lose Dinant next year,
 And so be Constable of France. 172

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet and lily fair,
 The dappled pink and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair. 4

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath. 8

III.

The flow'rs she wore along the day,
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed. 12

IV.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past,
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eyes she cast. 16

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek. 20

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour; pr'ythee tell,
 That falling tear—what does it mean? 24

VII.

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
 Pointing, the lovely mor'list said,
 See, Friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder what a change is made. 28

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
 And that of Beauty are but one;

At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at ev'ning, pale, and gone.

32

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and fung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd ;
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.

36

X.

Such as she is who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

40

THE VICEROY.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of " Lady Isabella's Tragedy."

Or, " The Stepmother's Cruelty."

OF Nero*, tyrant, petty king,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

4

II.

He hated was by rich and poor
For reasons you shall hear ;
So ill he exercis'd his pow'r
That he himself did fear.

8

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal ;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthrall.

12

IV.

He with a haughty, impious nod
Would curse and dogmatize,

* This satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningsby, for his mal-administration, when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

Not fearing either man or God,
Gold he did idolize. 16

V.

A patriot* of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare. 20

VI.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon
In low but faithful rhymes. 24

VII.

The articles † recorded stand
Against this peerless peer;
Search but the archives of the land
You'll find them written there. 28

VIII.

Attend and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light,
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall.) 32

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
The pow'r in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd. 36

X.

That he contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take. 40

XI.

Free quarters for the army too
He did exact and force;
On Protestants his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse. 45

* The Earl of Belamont impeached Coningsby of high treason in the English parliament.

† Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi & Mariae, 1693.

XII.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Tho' many men were sick.

48

XIII.

The futlers, too, he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

52

XIV.

By which provisions were so scant
That hundreds there did die;
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

56

XV.

He so much lov'd his private gain
He could not hear or see;
They might or die or might complain
Without relief *pardie*.

60

XVI.

That above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree;

64

XVII.

That he, *O! Ciel*, without trial,
Straitway should hanged be,
Tho' then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

68

XVIII.

No sooner said but it was done,
The Bourreau did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

72

XIX.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

76

XX.

Full two good hundred pounds a-year,
 This poor man's real estate,
 He settled on his fav'rite dear,
 And Culliford can say't. 80

XXI.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
 To Fielding his own scribe.
 Who was his bail; one friend he found;
 He ow'd him to the bribe. 84

XXII.

But for this horrid murder vile
 None did him prosecute;
 His old friend help'd him o'er the stile;
 With Satan who dispute? 88

XXIII.

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
 A trade he carry'd on;
 Had any other done't, I trow,
 To tripos he had gone. 92

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'rousfly,
 To bring his ends to bear,
 Enrich himself most knavishly;
 O thief without compare! 96

XXV.

Vast quantities of stores did he
 Embezzle and purloin;
 Of the king's stores he kept a key,
 Converting them to coin. 100

XXVI.

The forf ited estates also,
 Both real and personal,
 Did with the stores together go;
 Fierce Cerb'rus swallow'd all. 104

XXVII.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and fobb'd,
 For not one sous had they;
 His Excellence had each man fobb'd,
 For he had funk their pay. 108

XXVIII.

Nero without the least disguise,
The Papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

112

XXIX.

The Protestants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

116

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy ;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

120

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told
How this Viceroy did reign,
And other truths I shall unfold ;
For truth is always plain.

124

XXXII.

The best of queens he hath revil'd
Before and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

128

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer, his ranc'rous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

132

XXXIV.

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on ;
Hear what Britannia says, with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

136

XXXV.

" Oh ! sacred be her memo y,
" For ever dear her name ;
" There never was or ere can be
" A brighter juster dame.

140

XXXVI.

" Bleft be my sons, and eke all those
 " Who on her praises dwell ;
 " She conquer'd Britain's fierces foes,
 " She did all queens excel.

144

XXXVII.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,
 " Ambassadors did send ;
 " All nations, provinces, and states,
 " Sought Anna for their friend.

148

XXXVIII.

" In Anna they did all confide,
 " For Anna they could trust ;
 " Her royal faith they all had try'd,
 " For Anna still was just.

152

XXXIX.

" Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
 " Her awful judgment-seat ;
 " In her the Graces all were found,
 " In Anna all complete.

156

XL.

" She held the sword and balance right,
 " And fought her people's good ;
 " In clemency she did delight,
 " Her reign not stain'd with blood.

160

XLI.

" Her gracious goodness, piety,
 " In all her deeds did shine,
 " And bounteous was her charity,
 " All attributes divine.

164

XLII.

" Consummate wisdom, meekness, all
 " Adorn'd the words she spoke,
 " When they from her fair lips did fall,
 " And sweet her lovely look.

168

XLIII.

" Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
 " She caus'd dire war to cease ;
 " A greater empress ne'er was known,
 " She fix'd the world in peace.

172

XLIV.

“ This last and godlike act achiev’d,
 “ To heav’n she wing’d her flight;
 “ Her loss with tears all Europe griev’d,
 “ Their strength and dear delight.

176

XLV.

“ Leave we in bliss this heav’nly saint,
 “ Revere, ye just, her urn;
 “ Her virtues high and excellent,
 “ Aftrea gone we mourn.

180

XLVI.

“ Commemorate, my sons, the day
 “ Which gave great Anna birth;
 “ Keep it for ever and for aye,
 “ And annual be your mirth.”

184

XLVII.

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
 Our wise benign good king;
 Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
 Or his bright actions sing?

188

XLVIII.

Thee, fav’rite Nero, he has deign’d
 To raise to high degree!
 Well thou thy honours hast sustain’d,
 Well vouch’d thy ancestry.

192

XLIX.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,
 Can they e’er make thee white?
 Don’t Gaphny’s blood, which thou hast shed,
 Thy guilty soul affright?

196

L.

Oh! is there not, grim mortal, tell,
 Places of bliss and woe?
 Oh! is there not a heav’n, a hell?
 But whither wilt thou go?

200

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
 Wilt thou for ever rail?
 The prophet on thee well refin’d,
 And set thy wit to sale.

204

LII.

How thou art lost to sense and shame
 Three countries witness be;
 Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

208

LIII.

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
 Her sword is brandish'd high;
 Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
 Nor can'st thou from her fly.

212

LIV.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
 The glitt'ring steel is sure;
 Sooner or later, all agree,
 She cuts off the impure.

216

LV.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer,
 Think on thy crimes committed;
 Repent, and be for once sincere,
 Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

220

DOWN-HALL.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of

"King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

Written in the Year 1715.

I SING not old Jason who travell'd thro' Greece
 To kiss the fair maids and possess the rich fleece,
 Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
 Got rid of one wife and went far for another.

4

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

II.

Nor him who thro' Asia and Europe did roam,
 Ulysses by name, who ne'er car'd to go home,
 But rather desir'd to see cities and men
 Than return to his farms and converse with old Pen.

8

Derry down, &c.

III.

Hang Homer and Virgil ; their meaning to seek,
 A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek ;
 Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to
 Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope. [hope,
Derry down, &c.

IV.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
 By two British heroes call'd Matthew and John,*
 And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
 Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down. 16
Derry down, &c.

V.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose
 How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose :
 For before this great journey was thoroughly concerted,
 Full often they met, and as often they parted. 20
Derry down, &c.

VI.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here my friend John,
 I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one,
 And though I still carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
 I only have gone upon other folks errands. 24
Derry down, &c.

VII.

And now in this journey of life I would have
 A place where to bait 'twixt the court and the grave,
 Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
 Gadzooks, I had just a place in my eye. 28
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
 A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick ;
 The matter next week shall be all in your pow'r ;
 But the money, Gadzooks, must be paid in an hour. 32
Derry down, &c.

* Matthew Prior, Esq. and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, Esq. bred a butcher, (but was accounted one of the greatest land jobbers in England) and, in honour of his profession annually killed a hog in the public market, and took a groat for it. He died 1732.

IX.

For things in this world must by law be made certain ;
 We both must repair unto Oliver Martin,
 For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
 I'll bring you to see he must fix you at Down, 36
Derry down, &c.

X.

Quoth Matthew, I know that from Berwick to Dover
 You've sold all our premises over and over ;
 And now if your buyers and sellers agree
 You may throw all our acres into the South-sea. 40
Derry down, &c.

XI.

But a word to the purpose ; to-morrow, dear friend,
 We'll see what to-night you so highly commend,
 And if with a garden and house I am blest,
 Let the devil and Coninsby* go with the rest. 44
Derry down, &c.

XII.

Then answer'd Squire Morley, pray get a calash,
 That in summer may burn in winter may splash ;
 I love dirt and dust ; and 'tis always my pleasure
 To take with me much of the soil that I measure. 48
Derry down, &c.

XIII.

But Matthew thought better, for Matthew thought
 And hired a chariot so trim and so tight, [right,
 That extremes both of winter and summer might pass,
 For one window was canvas, the other was glass. 52
Derry down, &c.

XIV.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew ; pull down, quoth
 We shall be both hotter and colder anon : [friend John ;
 Thus talking and scolding they forward did speed,
 And Ralpho pac'd by under Newman the Swede. 56
Derry down, &c.

XV.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
 At a town they call Hodsdon, the sign of the Bull,

* Lord Coninsby, with whom he had differed.

Near a nymph with an urn, that divides the highway
And into a puddle throws mother of tea. 60

Derry down, &c.

XVI.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray, how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the ostler that sung about eight years ago? 94

Derry down, &c.

XVII.

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.
By my troth, she replies, you grow younger I think;
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink? 68

Derry down, &c.

XVIII.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why things since I saw you most strangely have vary'd:
The ostler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd. 72

Derry down, &c.

XIX.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church yard full many a year. 76

Derry down, &c.

XX.

Well, peace to her ashes; what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef;
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish,
For tough were her pullets and tender her fish. 80

Derry down, &c.

XXI.

For that matter, Sir, be ye 'squire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:
I should look on myself as unhappily sped
Did I yield to a sister or living or dead. 84

Derry down, &c.

XXII.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast,
 Shall swim in the water in which they were drest;
 And because you great folks are with rarities taken,
 Addle-eggs shall be next course, tost up with rank bacon.

Derry down, &c.

XXIII.

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid,
 And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the maid. 90
 The maid! was she handsome? why, truly so so:
 But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know.

Der ry down, &c.

XXIV.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
 And their horses, like his, were prepared to run: 94
 Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
 John kindly had paid it the ev'ning before.

Derry down, &c.

XXV.

Their breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat,
 A custom in travellers mighty discreet: 98
 And thus with great friendship and glee they went on
 To find out the place you shall hear of anon,

Called Down, Down, hey derry down.

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
 Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the moon;
 Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the city,
 The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

Derry down, &c.

XXVII.

So to Harlow they came; and hey, where are you all?
 Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call: 106
 Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no
 Well, Master, I hear you have bury'd your wife. [life;

Derry down, &c.

XXVIII.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
 Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide. 110

Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my song.

Derry down, &c.

XXIX.

O 'squire, to the grief of my heart I may say
I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here; 115
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year.

Derry down, &c.

XXX.

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast,
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast, [host;
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste. 120

Derry down, &c.

XXXI.

Now hey for Down-Hall; for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted, the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
But, oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

Derry down, &c.

XXXII.

O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray. 125
Says he, How the devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life;
But Down lies on the left I was told by my wife.

Derry down, &c.

XXXIII.

Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod; 130
Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy
But thou shalt go home without ever a souse. [house,

Derry down, &c.

XXXIV.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our estate here before we have seen it:
Have patience, soft Morley, in anger, reply'd;
To find out our way let us send off our guide. 136

Derry down, &c.

XXXV.

O here I spy Down: cast your eye to the west,
 Were a windmill so stately stands plainly confest.
 On the west! reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find;
 As well thou may'st tell me I see the west wind. 140

Derry down, &c.

XXXVI.

Now pardon me, Morley, the windmill I spy,
 But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh: [blind;
 Look again, says mild Morley, Gadzooks, you are
 The mill stands before and the house lies behind, 144

Derry down, &c.

XXXVII.

O now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
 Until'd and unglaz'd, I believe 'tis a barn.
 A barn! why you rave; 'tis a house for a 'squire,
 A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire. 148

Derry down, &c.

XXXVIII.

A house should be built or with brick or with stone,
 Why, 'tis plaster and lath, and I think that's all one;
 And such as it is it has stood with great fame,
 Been called a Hall, and has given its name, 152

To Down, Down, hey derry down.

XXXIX.

O Morley, O Morley, if that be a hall,
 The same with a building will suddenly fall—
 With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree,
 My bus'ness is land, and it matters not me. 156

Derry down, &c.

XL.

I wish you could tell what a deuce your head ails;
 I shew'd you Down-Hall, did you look for Versailles?
 Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let ye,
 For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty. 160

Derry down, &c.

XLI.

And now, Sir, a word to the wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your old stuff;

And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
simple,

Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple ?*
Derry down, &c.

XLII.

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings ;
And in your's I shall find the true gentleman's fate,
Ere you finish your house you'll have spent your estate.

Derry down, &c.

XLIII.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb, and here, Mat, is my heart :
To Halstead, I speed, and you go back to town ;
Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down. 172

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

SONGS SET TO MUSIC.

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,
Wine breeds vices and diseases,
Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,
Farewell all if friendship ceases. 6

II. SET BY MR. PURCEL.

WHITHER would my passion run ?
Shall I fly her, or pursue her ?
Losing her I am undone,
Yet would not gain her to undo her. 4

II.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and Reason, cease your war,
And order Death to give me rest,
So each will equal triumph share. 8

* Edward, late Earl of Oxford.

III. *SET BY MR. DE FESCH.*

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes?
 Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
 Since your charms I so much prize.

II.

But I plainly see the reason
 Why in vain I you pursued,
 Her to gain 'twas out of season,
 Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. *SET BY MR. SMITH.*

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
 Torment not thus your pretty heart;
 Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
 As well as that we now must part.

II.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
 That precious dew your eyes let fall;
 Our joy and grief with like respect
 They mind, and that is not at all.

III.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
 As if they did regard our state;
 They hear, and the return we find
 Is, that no prayers can alter Fate.

IV.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay;
 Do not yourself to grief resign;
 Who knows but that those powers may
 The pair they now have parted join?

V.

But since they have thus cruel been,
 And could such constant lovers sever,
 I dare not trust, lest, now they're in,
 They should divide us two for ever.

VI.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Rememb'ring, though, upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

24

VII.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wand'ring lovers meet.

28

VIII.

How great then would our pleasure be
To find heaven kinder than believ'd,
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

32

IX.

But say, should heaven bring no relief;
Suppose our sun should never rise;
Why, then, what's due to such a grief
We've paid already with our eyes.

36

V. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know
What for her sake I undergo;
Tell her, for her how I sustain
A ling'ring fever's wasting pain;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

6

II.

But, oh! she scorns to hear or see
The wretch that lies so low as me;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain;
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

12

VI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill,

Tell me what pleasure you can find
In forcing Nature 'gainst her will.

4

II.

'Tis true, you may, with art and pain,
Keep in some glowings of desire,
But still those glowings which remain
Are only ashes of the fire.

8

III.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool
Who would Love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

12

IV.

Let us no impositions set
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

16

V.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove,
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

20

VII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more,
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull
As not to know your heart.

6

II.

In vain you fancy to deceive;
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham.
Since any one may plainly see
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

12

VIII SET BY MR. SMITH.

STILL, DORINDA, I adore;
 Think I mean not to deceive ye,
 For I lov'd you much before,
 And, alas! now love you more,
 Tho' I force myself to leave you.

5

II.

Staying I my vows shall fail,
 Virtue yields as love grows stronger;
 Fierce desires will prevail,
 You are fair and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.

10

III.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
 Left I should have gain'd the treasure,
 Made my vows and oaths destroy
 The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
 Of all my future peace and pleasure.

15

IV.

To my vows I have been true,
 And in silence hid my anguish,
 But I cannot promise too
 What my love may make me do
 While with her for whom I languish.

20

V.

For in thee strange magic lies,
 And my heart is too, too tender;
 Nothing's proof against those eyes,
 Best resolves and strictest ties
 To their force must soon surrender.

25

VI.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
 I much doting thus to sever;
 Since from all I hold most dear,
 That you may no longer fear,
 I divorce myself for ever.

30

IX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

IS it, O love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

II.

If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
One am'rous shaft obey,
'Twould save thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

III.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing pow'r,
For that which would be stretch'd by joy
Despair will soon devour.

IV.

Ah! wound then my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine,
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X. SET BY MR. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
To think and ne'er drink will make you stark
mad.

'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy,
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

II.

Oblig'd a thousand sev'ral ways,
It ne'er can break her chains,
While passion which her beauties raise
My gratitude maintains.

XII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

SINCE my words, tho ne'er so tender,
 With sincerest truth exprest,
 Cannot make your heart furrender,
 Nor so much as warm your breast ;

II.

What will move the springs of Nature ?
 What will make you think me true ?
 Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
 Tell poor Strephon what will do.

III.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
 Thus, by seeming not to know
 What so plainly all discover,
 What his eyes so plainly show.

IV.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
 'Tis against your reason's laws ;
 Atheist-like (th' effect perceiving)
 Still to disbelieve the cause.

XIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
 How to keep his fair one's heart ;
 Must it be by truth of nature,
 Or by poor dissembling art ?
 Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
 How we both may gain our ends ;
 I am lost if we're alunder,
 Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
 Would I had been so still !
 Enjoying sweetest liberty,
 And roving at my will.

II.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two the tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

8

III.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control;
Phillis has such a taking way
She charms my very soul.

12

IV.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run;
Victoria shews me all her wiles.
Which yet I dare not shun.

16

V.

From one I fancy ev'ry kiss
Has something in't divine,
And awful taste the balmy bliss
That joins her lips with mine.

20

VI.

But when with th'other I embrace,
Tho' she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

24

VII.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I mean while the fool;
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

28

VIII.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield;
I find the time approaches fast
When both must quit the field.

32

XV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

FAREWEL Amynta, we must part;
The charm has lost its pow'r

Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

4

II.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

8

III.

But know, my soul disdain'd thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each flutt'ring coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

12

IV.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall,
And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

16

V.

Yet thinking of each happy hour.
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its pow'r,
That I almost relent.

20

VI.

But pride will never let me bow;
No more thy charms can move;
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

24

XVI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

A CCEPT, my Love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave;
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

4

II.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live,
Who with it would the world have sent
Had it been his to give.

8

III.

And that Dorinda may not fear
 I e'er will prove untrue,
 My vows shall, ending with the year,
 With it begin a new.

12

XVII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
 And with kindly chiding eyes
 Faintly says I shall undo her;
 Faintly, O, forbear! she cries.

4

II.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
 While to her's my lips I join,
 Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,
 And her kisses answer mine

8

III.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
 Innocence with Nature charms;
 One bids gently push me from her,
 Th' other take me in her arms.

12

XVIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

SINCE we your husband daily see
 So jealous out of season,
 Phillis, let you and I agree
 To make him so with reason.

4

II.

I'm vex'd to think that ev'ry night
 A sot, within thy arms,
 Tasting the most divine delight,
 Should fully all your charms.

8

III.

While, fretting, I must lie alone,
 Cursing the pow'rs divine,
 That undeservedly have thrown
 A pearl unto a swine.

12

IV.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
 My burning passion cool;

Let me at least in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

16

V.

Let him by night his joys pursue,
And blunder in the dark,
While I by day enjoying you,
Can see to hit the mark.

20

XIX. SET BY MR. C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an errant rover
If the favour's still refus'd.

4

II.

Faith 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

8

III.

Let not Pride and Folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will Age or Censure spare you
E'er the more for being coy.

12

IV.

Never fancy time's before you;
Youth believe me will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

16

V.

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending
You amidst your plenty starve.

20

VI.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Tho' your beauty theirs surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

24

XX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

SINCE by ill fate I 'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms. 4

II.

Yet still love on, and never fear
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, tho' in absence, love. 8

III.

For tho' your presence Fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart,
And can with undiscerned eyes
Behold your picture in my heart. 12

XXI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, touch ev'ry string;
Touch it, Orpheus; I will sing
A song which shall immortal be,
Since she I sing's a deity;
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth. 6

XXII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH

IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortu'd breast,
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest. 4

II.

Ah! fair one, why to me so coy,
And why to him so true?
Who with more coldness flights the joy
Than I with love pursue. 8

III.

Die, then, unhappy lover, die;
For since she gives thee death,

The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

12

IV.

Yet tho' I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly, since to me
Not love itself a joy can give
But, Amoret, in thee.

16

XXIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

WELL, I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In ev'ry mortal mind.

5

II.

'Tis true, they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a fight;
I rag'd, for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

10

III.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their pow'r resign,
I saw her, but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

15

IV.

Yet I by this have learn'd the wit
Never to grieve or fret;
Contently I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

20

XXIV. SET BY MR. C. R.

CLOE beauty has, and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Ev'ry charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

4

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature,
For she's merciful and kind;
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

8

III.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

12

IV.

Jove the pow'r knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure 'em,
So providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the pow'r to cure 'em,

16

V.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

20

XXV.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel Fate us still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

4

II.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

8

III.

Farewel ye Brooks! no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

12

IV.

But I by death an end will give
To grief since we mun sever;

For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

16

XXVI.

SOME kind angle, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying
Till with joy we meet again.

II.

Tell Corinna, since we parted
I have never known delight,
And shall soon be broken hearted
If I longer want her sight.

III.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year,
Cursing ev'ry morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

IV.

Tell her, too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

16

XXVII.

I. HASTE, my Nannette,
My lovely maid,
Haste to the bow'r
Thy swain has made.

II. For thee alone.

I made the bow'r,
And strew'd the couch
With many a flow'r.

III. None but my sheep
Shall near us come:

Venus be prais'd
My sheep are dumb.

IV. Great god of love
Take thou my crook.

12

To keep the wolf
From Nannette's flock.

16

V. Guard thou the sheep
To her so dear ;
My own, alas !
Are less my care.

20

VI. But of the wolf
If thou'rt afraid.
Come not to us
To call for aid ;

24

VII. For with her swain
My love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf stroll
And the sheep stray.

28

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing ;
She shall grace ev'ry verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

6

II.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night ;
Her complexion's divinely fair ;
Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

12

III.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss ;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd ;
An exquisite beauty she is.

18

IV.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,

There Cupid discovers her charms;
 Oh! spare then the rest,
 And think of the best;
 'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

24

V.

She's blooming as May,
 Brisk, lively, and gay,
 The Graces play all round about her;
 She's prudent and witty,
 Sings wondrously pretty,
 And there is no living without her.

30



To keep the wolf
From Nannette's flock.

16

V. Guard thou the sheep
To her so dear;
My own, alas!
Are less my care.

20

VI. But of the wolf
If thou'rt afraid.
Come not to us
To call for aid;

24

VII. For with her swain
My love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf stroll
And the sheep stray.

28

XXVIII. NELLY.

WHILST others proclaim
This nymph or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace ev'ry verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

6

II.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night;
Her complexion's divinely fair;
Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

12

III.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd;
An exquisite beauty she is.

18

IV.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,

There Cupid discovers her charms;
 Oh! spare then the rest,
 And think of the best;
 'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

24

V.

She's blooming as May,
 Brisk, lively, and gay,
 The Graces play all round about her;
 She's prudent and witty,
 Sings wondrously pretty,
 And there is no living without her.

30



TALES.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE*.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
 Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
 A widow Turtle pensive sat,
 And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
 The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk,
 (A bird that loves to chirp and talk) 5
 Be sure he did the Turtle greet,
 She answer'd him as she thought meet.
 Sparrows and Turtles, by the bye, 10
 Can think as well as you or I;
 But how they did their thoughts express
 The margin shews by T. and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
 Alas! I weep Columbo dead :
 Come, all ye winged Lovers, come, 15
 Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb;
 Sing, Philomel, his fun'ral verse,
 Ye pious Redbreasts deck his hearse;
 Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
 Columbo's death requires your notes; 20
 For him, my friend, for him I moan,
 My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies.
 Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
 Those eyes, where beauty smiling lay, 25
 Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
 Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
 That beauty and those joys are flown!

Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
 Bear the sad sound to distant woods; 30
 The sound let Echo's voice restore,
 And say, Columbo is no more.

* This piece was written upon the sincere affection shewn by Q. Anne for the loss of her Royal Consort, 1708.

Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The Dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me stood,
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The Loves that round their mother flew
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung:
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis ours to weep, great Venus said,
'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
Nor birds nor goddesses can move
The just behests of fatal Jove:
I saw thy mate with sad regret,
And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
Ah! dear Columbo, how he fell,
Whom Turturella lov'd so well!
I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The sight tore up my ancient wound:
And whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day nor night that grief restrain;
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
 With piteous heart a lover's care!
 Come, then, with me thy sorrows join,
 And ease my woes by telling thine;
 For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
 Some Passerella, dead and gone.

[75

S. Dame turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
 But neither suits the place nor time;
 The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
 For dear Columbo set the snare,
 The snare again for thee may set;
 Two birds may perish in one net:
 Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field,
 And sorrow should to prudence yield.
 'Tis sad to die—

80

T. ——— It may be so;
 'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.

S. When widows use their canting strain
 They seem resolv'd to wed again.

90

T. When wid'wers would this truth disprove,
 They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
 His efforts all depend on life:
 When he has thrown two golden darts,
 And struck the lovers mutual hearts,
 Of his black shafts let death send one,
 Alas! the pleasing game is done:
 Ill is the poor survivor sped,

95

A corpse feels mighty cold in bed,
 Venus said right, Nor tears can move
 Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove.

100

All must obey the gen'ral doom,
 Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
 Grim Pluto will not be withstood
 By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
 As well as little John, is dead.

105

(You see how deeply I am read)
 With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge.

110

Ajax, to shun his gen'ral pow'r,
In vain absconded in a flow'r.
An idle scene Tythonus acted,
When to a grasshopper contracted;
Death struck them in those shapes again,
As once he did when they were men.

115

For reptiles perish, plants decay;
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.

120

Thus heads extremely nice discover
That folks may die some ten times over;
But oft' by too refin'd a touch
To prove things plain they prove too much.

125

Whate'er Pythagoras may say,
(For each you know will have his way)
With great submission I pronounce
That people die no more than once:
But once is sure, and death is common
To bird and man, including woman:

130

From the spread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when.
All that wear feathers, first or last,
Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.

135

Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In prose have slept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in state upon their hearse,
Are truly but embalm'd in verse.

140

As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,
Thou sure as Prior's Dove, must die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
Return to Adda or to Thames.

145

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

150

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;

A wall of brass and one of lead
 Divide the living from the dead :
 Repell'd by this the gather'd rain
 Of tears beats back to earth again ;
 In t'other the collected sound
 Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
 'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
 What time itself can ne'er retrieve.

155

160

By nature soft, I know a dove
 Can never live without her love ;
 Then quit this flame, and light another,
 Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice !
 In other nuptials to rejoice !

165

S. Why not, my bird !—

T.—No, Sparrow, no ;
 Let me indulge my pleasing woe :
 Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
 But never wish nor love again :
 Distress'd for ever let me moan
 My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

170

S. Our winged friends thro' all the grove
 Contemn thy mad excess of love :
 I tell thee, Dame, the other day,
 I met a parrot and a jay,
 Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
 And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

175

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,
 My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
 And I for ever must deplore
 Columbo, dead and gone.—S. *Encore !*
 For shame, forsake this Byon-style ;
 We'll talk an hour and walk a mile.

180

185

Does it with sense or health agree
 To sit thus moping on a tree ?
 To throw away a widow's life,
 When you again may be a wife ?
 Come on, I'll tell you my amours ;
 Who knows but they may influence your's ?

190

Example draws when precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend ;
As such will hear thee : I descend ;
Hop on and talk ; but, honest bird,
Take care that no immodest word
May venture to offend my ear.

195

S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear ;
By method things are best discuss'd,
Begin we then with wife the first :
A handsome, senseless, awkward, fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule,
Her actions did her charms disgrace,
And still her tongue talk'd of her face ;
Count me the leaves of yonder tree,
So many different wills had she,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Those wills were chang'd with ev'ry wind :
She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
L'assemblée her supreme delight ;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen ;
She censur'd that, she alter'd this,
And with great care set all amiss ;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now frown, now pout, all God knows why :
Short was her reign, she cough'd and dy'd.
Proceed we to my second bride.

200

205

210

215

220

225

Well-born she was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed ;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
No other fault had she in life,
But only that she was my wife.*

O widow Turtle ! ev'ry she,
(So nature's pleasure does decree)
Appears a goddess till enjoy'd ;
But birds, and men, and gods, are cloy'd.

* See the *Wife's Excuse*, a comedy.

Was Hercules one woman's man,
Or Jove for ever Læda's swan?
Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow bacon.
Variety alone gives joy;

230

The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
What sparrow, dame, what dove alive,
Tho' Venus should the chariot drive,
But would accuse the harness' weight,
If always coupled to one mate,
And often with the fetter broke?

235

'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

240

T. Impious to wish to wed again
Ere death dissolv'd the former chain!

S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest.
She brought me sons, but Jove be blest
She died in childbed on the nest.

245

Well, rest her bones, quoth I, she's gone;
But must I therefore lie alone?

What, am I to her mem'ry ty'd?
Must I not live because she dy'd?

250

And thus I logically said,
('Tis good to have a reas'ning head)
Is this my wife? *Probatur* not;
For death dissolv'd the marriage knot:

She was, *concedo*, during life;

255

But is a piece of clay a wife?

Again, if not a wife, do ye see,

Why then, no kin at all to me;

And he who gen'ral tears can shed

For folks that happen to be dead

260

May e'en with equal justice mourn

For those who never yet were born.

T. Those points, indeed, you quaintly prove,
But logic is no friend to love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd; 265
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my spouse's mother,
So left that brood to get another;

And as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do stand
The jolly'st bachelor i'th' land. 270

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes are fled;
My first, my only love is dead;
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss—— 275

S. ——Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow;
I woo'd my cousin, Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping-End, 280
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease
She liv'd, extremely at her ease;
But when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercast; 285
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw:
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind.
She soon grew fullen, I hard-hearted; 290
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town, I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent:
A magpie from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead: 295
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.

My fourth, a mere coquette, or such
I thought her, nor avails it much.
If true or false: our troubles spring 300
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two staring horns, I often said,
But ill become a sparrow's head;
But then to set that balance even
Your cuckold sparrow goes to heav'n. 305
The thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you enquire you make it known;

Whilst at the root your horns a re fore,
 The more you scratch they ache the more.
 But turn the tables and reflect,
 All may not be that you suspect :
 By the mind's eye the horns we mean,
 Are only in ideas seen ;
 'Tis from the inside of the head
 Their branches shoot, their antlers spread ;
 Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel 'em from the time you fear 'em ;
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echo'd word
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird ;
 But those of finer taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the sound.
 Preferment always waits on horns,
 And household peace the gift adorns :
 This way or that let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend :
 This way or that let madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
 And what La Fontaine laughing says
 Is serious truth in such a case :
 " Who flights the evil finds it least :
 " And who does nothing does the best."
 I never strove to rule the roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast :
 In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet :
 We neither much caress'd nor strove,
 But good dissembling past for love.
 T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
 'Tis only light itself can show ;
 Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
 S. My pretty am'rous foolish bird,
 A moment's patience. In one word,
 The three kind sisters broke the chain ;
 She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more ;
Let me with constant tears bewail—— 350

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My fifth she prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life ;
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas this to-day, to-morrow that. 355

Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss ; an honest rook
Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
Who told it those who told it her.

One day a linnet and a lark 360
Had met me strolling in the dark ;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corp'ral oath alledge
I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge. 365

Well, madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a rail,
Poor foul ! her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell and broke her hip ; 370
The fever came, and then the pip :
Death did the only cure apply ;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view ?
His sorrows as his joys are true. 375

S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,
“ We're here to-day and gone to-morrow ;”
Then what avails superfluous sorrow ?
Another, full as wise as he, 380

— Adds, that “ a marry'd man may see
“ Two happy hours ;” and which are they ?
The first and last, perhaps you'll say :
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead ; 385
“ Women'twixt sheets are best,” 'tis said,
Be they of Holland or of lead.

Now cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future rest,
And took a widow to my nest.

390

Ah! Turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober yet gentle, wise yet free;
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold.

395

Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills to vex mankind;
To vex one bird in her bandore
He hid at least a hundred more,
And soon as time that veil withdrew
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.

400

405

We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus' den;
The nearest her the more accurst,
Ill-far'd her friends, her husband worst;
But Jove amidst his anger spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our pray'rs.
In short she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.

410

Would Heav'n this mourning year were past
One may have better luck at last.

415

Matters at worst are sure to mend;
'The devil's wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen;
Uxorious inmate, bird obscene,

420

Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?

Begone; with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the town;

In brewers stables peck thy grain,

Then wash it down with puddled rain,

425

And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb-wall.

Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men:
Notions like these from men are giv'n,
Those vilest creatures under heav'n. 430

To cities and to courts repair,
Flat'ry and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ
Where riches triumph over joy, 435
Where passions do with int'rest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

APPLICATION.

O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends* 440
To thee my Muse this little Tale commends,
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, tho' deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms; 445
And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say, Ere I could write or spell,
The bard who from my cradle wish'd me well
Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
And bid me imitate the Turtle's flame. 451

THE LADLE†.

A TALE.

THE Sceptics think 'twas long ago
Since gods came down *incognito*
To see who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose;
That since they gave things their beginning, 5
And set this whirligig a-spinning,
Supine they in their heav'n remain,
Exempt from passion and from pain,

* The Duchess of Portland, daughter of Edward late Earl of Oxford &c.

† See Gayton's festivoious notes on Don Quixote, p. 26, 27, from whence, this story is supposed to betaken.

And frankly leave us human elves
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

10

The poets now, and painters, hold
This thesis both absurd and bold,
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day,
Else all these things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single farthing,
For when the hero we rehearse

15

To grace his actions and our verse,
'Tis not by dint of human thought
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris descends by Fate's commands
To guide his steps through foreign lands,
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

20

25

And if you see him in a sketch
(Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength
Strutting in armour and at length;
That he may make his proper figure
The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field,
One holds his sword, and one his shield,
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

30

35

These points, I say, of speculation,
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute;
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustains the fight,
Till now no umpire can agree'em,
So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

40

Is it in equilibrio
If deities descend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale;

45

For by all parties 'tis confest
That those opinions are the best
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends and private use.

50

Two gods came, therefore, from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove;
The humour was, it seems, to know
If all the favours they bestow
Could from our own perverseness ease us,
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

55

Discourfing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godfhips came,
Till well nigh tir'd, at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

60

Not here, that it as true as odd is,
That in difguife a god or goddefs
Exerts no fupernat'ral pow'rs,
But acts on maxims much like ours.

65

They fpy'd at laft a country farm,
Where all was fnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:

70

Large oxen in the field were lowing,
Good grain was fow'd, good fruit was growing
Of laft year's corn in barns great ftore;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door;
And Wealth in fhort, with Peace confented
That people here fhould live contented;
But did they in effect do fo?

75

Have patience friend and thou fhalt know.

The honeft farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ftuggled with the marriage noofe,
As almost ev'ry couple does:

80

Sometimes my plague! fometimes my darling!
Kiffing to-day, to morrow fnarling;
Jointly fubmitting to endure
That evil which admits no cure.

85

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd;
Our farmer met 'em in the yard;

Thought they were folks that lost their way,
And ask'd them civilly to stay ;
Told 'em, for supper or for bed
They might go on and be worse sped.—

90

So said, so done ; the gods consent ;
All three into the parlour went :
They compliment, they sit, they chat,
Fight o'er the wars, reform the state ;
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.

95

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame ;
Obsequious Hermes did the same.

100

Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say !
He did—but in an honest way :

Oh ! not with half that warmth and life
With which he kiss'd Amphytryon's wife.—

Well, then, things handsomely were serv'd ;
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.

105

How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laughed, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear,

Yet shall be pass'd in silence here ;

110

For I should grieve to have it said

That, by a fine description led,

I made my episode too long,

Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,

115

Jove thought it time to shew his play.

Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,

Folly and jesting laid aside,

That ye thus hospitably live,

And strangers with good cheer receive,

120

Is mighty grateful to your betters

And make e'en gods themselves your debtors.

To give this thesis plainer proof,

You have to-night beneath your roof

A pair of gods : (nay, never wonder.)

125

This youth can fly and I can thunder.

I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,

My page, my son indeed, but spurious.

Form, then, three wishes, you and Madam,
And, sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here and in your pow'r.

130

Thank ye, great Gods, the woman says;
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!

A ladle for our silver dish

135

Is what I want, is what I wish.—

A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!

'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill!

What should be great you turn to farce,
I wish the ladle in your a—.

140

With equal grief and shame my Muse
The sequel of the tale pursues.

The ladle fell into the room,

And stuck in old Corisca's bum.

Our couple weep two wishes past,

145

And kindly join to form the last;

To ease the woman's awkward pain,

And get the ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,

Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;

150

His head aches for a coronet,

And who is bless'd that is not great?

Some sense and more estate kind Heav'n

To this well-lotted peer has giv'n:

What then? he must have rule and sway,

155

And all is wrong till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,

And dares not touch the hoarded sum;

The sickly dotard wants a wife

To draw off his last dregs of life.

160

Against our peace we arm our will;

Amidst our plenty something still

For horses, houses, pictures, planting,

To thee, to me, to him, is wanting:

That cruel something unpossess,

165

Corrodes, and leavens all the rest:

That something if we could obtain
 Would soon create a future pain ;
 And to the coffin from the cradle
 'Tis all a wish and all a Ladle.

170

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
 Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
 The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view,
 As opposites will sometimes do :
 Thro' many a blooming mead they past, 5
 And at a brook arriv'd at last :
 The purling stream, the margin green,
 With flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
 Invited each itin'rant maid
 To rest a while beneath the shade ; 10
 Under a spreading beach they sat,
 And pass'd the time with female chat ;
 Whilst each her character maintain'd
 One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
 At length, quoth Falsehood, Sister Truth, 15
 For so she call'd her from her youth,
 What if, to shun yon sultry beam,
 We bathe in this delightful stream,
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there's no prying shepherd near ? 20
 With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stripp'd herself naked to the skin,
 And with a spring leapt headlong in.
 Falsehood more leisurely undrest, 25
 And laying by her tawdry vest,
 Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
 And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour the fraudulent dame
 Of sacred Truth usurps the name, 30
 And with a vile perfidious mind
 Roams far and near to cheat mankind ;

False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears,
 In visits still appears most wise, 35
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
 Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
 While rising stock her conscience pricks;
 When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
 She secrets ope'd, and all unravell'd. 40

But on she will, and secrets tell
 Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
 Reviling ev'ry one she knows,
 As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
 Her tongue so voluble and kind 45
 It always runs before her mind;
 As times do serve she flily pleads,
 And copious tears still shew her needs,
 With promises as thick as weeds—
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil, 50
 To-day a faint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark naked ever since, 55
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who Truth revere. 57

THE MICE.

A TALE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT.

TWO mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
 And, what is more, good education,
 Frolic and gay, in infant years
 Equally shar'd their parents' cares.
 The sire of these two babes (poor creature) 5
 Paid his last debt to human nature;
 A wealthy widow left behind,
 Four babes, three male, one female kind.

The fire being under ground, and bury'd,
 'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd ;
 Matches propos'd, and num'rous suitors, 11
 Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
 She modestly refus'd, and shew'd
 She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought 15
 Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
 Tell me, oh ! tell me (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal love,
 Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
 Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious prayers, 20
 Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
 Cloister'd from common joys, and just delights :
 How didst thou constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn !
 How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time, 25
 That your young offspring might to honour climb ;
 How your first care, by num'rous griefs oppress'd,
 Under the burden sunk, and went to rest ;
 How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
 Breath'd her last piety into your breast ; 30
 How you, alas ! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
 Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
 Tho' not inspir'd, oh ! may I never be
 Forgetful of my pedigree or thee :
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, may'nt I forget 35
 To pay this small yet tributary debt,
 And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this ? Is this your fable ?
 Believe me, Matt, it seems a bauble ; 40
 If you will let me know th' intent on't,
 Go to your mice, and make an end on't.

Well then, dear brother—
 As sure as Hudi's sword could swaddle,
 Two mice were brought up in one cradle ; 45
 Well bred, I think, of equal port,
 One for the gown, one for the court.

They parted ; (did they so, an't please you ?)
Yes, that they did, (dear Sir) to ease you ;
One went to Holland, where they huff folk, 50
Th' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.
(That mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the fages) 55
Many days past, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's sight ;
At last, in weather cold nor sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much fufs, and great grimace, 60
(Usual, you know, in such a case)
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might, before next summer's fun ;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness : 65
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.
Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in sense,
All's gone, dear brother, only we 70
Remain to raise posterity ;
Marry you, brother ; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive branches crown your table. 75
Somewhat I'll save, and, for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend,
What I propose is just, I swear it,
Or may I perish by this claret.
The dice are thrown, chuse this or that, 80
('Tis all alike to honest Mat)
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portuguese,
Some wine, the younger thus replies ; 85
Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage ;

Get me a boy call'd Adrian ;
 Trust me I'll do for't what I can,
 Home went, well pleas'd, the Suffolk Tony, 90
 Heart-free from care, as purse from money,
 Resolving full to please his taudy,
 He got a spouse, and jerk'd her body.
 At last, when teeming-time was come,
 Out came her burden from her womb ; 95
 It prov'd a lusty squalling boy ;
 (Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy)
 In short, to make things square and even,
 Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
 Matt's debt thus paid, he now enlarges, 100
 And sends you in a bill of charges ;
 A cradle, brother, and a basket,
 (Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
 A coat not of the smallest scantling,
 Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling ; 105
 These, too, were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
 Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber ;
 Yet these won't do, send th' other coat,
 For faith the first's not worth a groat,
 Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten, 110
 Suppos'd originally rotten.
 Pray let the next be each way longer,
 Of stuff more durable, and stronger ;
 Send it next week, if you are able ;
 By this time, Sir, you know the fable. 115
 From this, and letters of the same make,
 You'll find what 'tis to have a namesake.
 Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
 I've lost my curate, too, and grieve it ;
 At Easter, for what I can see, 120
 (A time of ease and vacancy)
 If things but alter, and not undone,
 I'll kiss your hand, and visit London.
 Molly sends greeting, so do I, Sir.
 Send a good coat, that's all ; good bye Sir. 125

TO A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A Tale.

FROM public noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me my Celia to thy breast,
And lull my weary'd soul to rest :
For ever in this humble cell
Let thee and I my fair one dwell ;
None enter else but Love—and he
Shall bar the door and keep the key.

5

To painted roofs and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)

10

Let the unthinking many crowd
That dare be covetous and proud ;
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state :

But oh ! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,

15

May heaven around this destin'd head,
The choicest of its curses shed :

To sum up all the rage of fate,
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be false and I be great.

20

Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celadon his soul exprest,

While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid.

25

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth,

All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine ;

A real joy I never knew

30

Till I believ'd thy passion true ;

A real grief I ne'er can find

Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.

Content, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear, 35
 Blest with thy presence I can bear.
 Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and solace of thy woe:
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way
 That I thy ardour may repay, 40
 And make my constant passion known
 By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear,
 I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein, 45
 And die to let it out again.
 No; Venus shall my witness be,
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me)
 That for one hour I would not quit
 My shepherds arms and this retreat 50
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Partner of all his pow'r and pride,
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of gods and wife of Jove.

O happy these of human race! 55
 But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
 He thank'd her on his bended knee,
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea,
 And leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court to beg a place; 60
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone
 Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed,
 Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies, 65
 And wanton wenches read romances,
 Our sex will—What? Out with it. Lie,
 And theirs in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing
 (A posy for a wedding ring) 70

In this short verse will be confin'd ;
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

72

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

IT always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet ;
And sure there may be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.
Agreed : what then ? Then drink your ale ;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

5

No matter where the scene is fixt,
The persons were but oddly mixt ;
When sober Damon thus began,
(And Damon is a clever man :)
I now grow old, but still from youth
Have held for modesty and truth :
The men who by these sea-marks steer
In life's great voyage never err :

10

Upon this point I dare defy
The world ; I pause for a reply.

15

Sir, either is a good assistant,
Said one, who sat a little distant ;
Truth decks our speeches and our books,
And modesty adorns our looks :

20

But farther progress we must take ;
Not only born to look and speak,
The man must act. The Stagirite
Says thus, and says extremely right :
Strict justice is the sovereign guide
That o'er our actions should preside ;

25

This queen of virtues is confest
To regulate and bind the rest,
Thrice happy if you can but find
Her equal balance poise your mind ;
All different graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their centre.

30

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With yea and nay, and *pro* and *con*.

Thro' many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assailing Clarke,
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening Post,
Confounded Spain, compos'd the north,
And deep in politics held forth.
Methinks we're in the like condition
As at the Treaty of Partition:
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begot another tedious war.

Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
In the vile Utrecht treaty, too,
Poor man, he found enough to do.

Sometimes to me he did apply,
But downright Dunstable was I,
And told him where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his bacon:

But (pass his politics and prose)
I never herded with his foes;
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend;
Sir, I excus'd his Nut brown Maid,
Whate'er severer critics said;

Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
The women all were on my side.

For Alma I return'd him thanks;
I lik'd her with her little pranks:
Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime.

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division;
Till out of breath he turn'd to spit;
(Chance often helps us more than wit)
T'other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the gifts the gods afford,
(If we may take old Tully's word)
The greatest is a friend whose love
Knows how to praise and when repro:

From such a treasure never part,
 But hang the jewel on your heart:
 And pray, Sir (it delights me) tell,
 You know this author mighty well—
 Know him! d'ye question it? Odds fish!
 Sir, does a beggar know his dish? 80
 I lov'd him, as I told you, I
 Advis'd him—Here a stander-by
 Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke:
 Damon, 'tis time we should retire, 85
 The man you talk with is Matt. Prior.
 Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
 Dorset! to thee this fable let me send;
 With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
 The foil is known to set the diamond forth: 90
 Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
 How many Damons how few Dorsets live. 92

P. PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE;

AN HONEST BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

*Est enim quiddam, ibique intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat quod
 cogitatione magis a virtute potest quam re separari.*

Cic. de Off. lib. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and settled rules
 Of vice and virtue, in the schools;
 Beyond the letter of the law,
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
 The better sort should set before 'em 5
 A grace, a manner, a decorum;
 Something that gives their acts a light,
 Makes 'em not only just but bright,
 And sets 'em in that open fame
 Which witty Malice cannot blame. 10

For 'tis in life as 'tis in painting,
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting;

From lines drawn true our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face ;
 May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault ;
 Yet if the col'ring be not there,
 The Titian stroke, the Guido air,
 To nicest judgment show the piece,
 At best 'twill only not displease ;
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye ;
 Bradford would frown and set it by.

15

20

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well-design'd,
 Guided by law, and bound by duty,
 Yet want this *je ne sçai quoi* of beauty :
 And tho' its error may be such
 As Knags and Burgefs cannot hit,
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of Wycherley or Congreve's wit.

25

30

What is this talk ? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end ?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown :—
 With all my heart—for once ; read on.

35

An honest but a simple pair
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
 Paulo Purganti was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous, wife,
 No woman led a better life ;
 She to intrigues was e'en heard-hearted ;
 She chuckled when a bawd was carted,
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
 Till all the whores were burnt alive.

40

45

On marry'd men that dar'd be bad
 She thought no mercy should be had ;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.—
 In short, all lewdness she defy'd,
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

50

Yet in an honest way the dame
Was a great lover of that fame,
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

55

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close,
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.

60

Thus, tho' she strictly did confine
The Doctor from excess of wine,
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly :
Thus drying coffee was deny'd,
But chocolate that loss supply'd ;
And for tobacco (who could bear it ?)
Filthy concomitant of claret,
(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots and Bohea tea.

65

70

She often set the Doctors's band,
And stroak'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand ;
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon ;
She held it wholesomer by much
To rest a little on the couch—
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

75

80

The Doctor understood the call,
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin, too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail,
And art supplies where strength may fail.

85

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane :
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus ,

90

Shews us that all that warrior can do
With force inferior is *cunctando*.

One day, then, as the foe drew near, 95
With love, and joy, and life, and dear,
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *à propos*
To ward against the coming blow : 100
To ward ; but how ? Aye, there's the question,
Fierce th' assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise ;
He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes :
That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick ; 105
She was, he said, or would be sick :
He judg'd it absolutely good
That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got :
If they pass easily or not 110
What matters it ? the lady's fever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)
If once it youthful blood infects, 115
And chiefly of the female sex,
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night, then, as in bed
The Doctor and the dame were laid, 120
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With madam in this piteous taking ?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep, 125
And won't allow him rest tho' waking.
Sad state of matters ! when we dare
Nor ask for peace nor offer war.
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
What in this juncture may be done. 130



PRIOR'S POEMS.

PAULO PURGANTI.
The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise,
He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes.
Vide Volume I. Page 150. Line 103.
Designed by J. Thurston. Engraved by C. Armstrong.
Printed for C. Cooke, May 20. 1807.

Grotius might own that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain 135

That all the sex was born to grieve
Down to her ladyship from Eve.

He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,

Divines and moralists, and run ye on 140
Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.

As much in vain he bid her try

To fold her arms, to close her eye,

Telling her rest would do her good

If any thing in nature cou'd; 145

So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,

Masters and princes of the calling:

So all our modern friends maintain

(Tho' no great Greeks) in Warwick-Lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring song; 150

A Tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd the more she burn'd:

And sigh'd, and tofs'd, and groan'd, and turn'd:

At last, I wish, said she, my dear—

(And whisper'd something in his ear.) 155

You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries;

Lord! when will womankind be wise?

What, in your waters? are you mad?

Why, poison is not half so bad.

I'll do it—but I give you warning 160

You'll die before to-morrow morning.

'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,

The lady with a sigh replies!

But life, you know, at best is pain,

And death is what we should disdain: 165

So do it therefore, and adieu,

For I will die for love of you.—

Let wanton wives by death be scar'd;

But to my comfort I'm prepar'd. 169

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote and painters drew
 As Nature pointed out the view,
 Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece ;
 And in our verse ere Monkish rhymes
 Had jangled their fantastic chimes ;
 Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight ;
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burghers, scot and lot ;
 And as old Pliny's writings show
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by Protogenes' fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure or commend ;
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;
 His servants follow with the things :
 Appears the govenante of th' house,
 For such in Greece were much in use ;
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does Squire Protogenes live here ?
 Yes Sir, says she, with gracious air,
 And curt'sy low, but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout,
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus for the feast to-morrow
 To grace the church : 'tis Venus' day :
 I hope Sir you intend to stay
 To see our Venus : 'tis the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece ;

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

So like th' original they say ;
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea :
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You'll find my master, Sir, at home.

40

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after.
 Authors, before they write, should read,
 'Tis very true ; but we'll proceed.

45

And, Sir, at present would you please
 To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke

50

On the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true.

And will you please, Sweet-heart, said he,
 To shew your master this from me ?

55

By it he presently will know
 How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling and curt'sying, Sir, she said,

60

I shall not fail to tell my master :
 And, Sir, for fear of all disaster
 I'll keep it my own self : Safe bind,
 Says the old proverb and safe find.

So, Sir, as sure as a key or lock—
 Your servant, Sir—at six o'clock.

65

Again at six Apelles came,
 Found the same prating civil dame.
 Sir, that my master has been here
 Will by the board itself appear :

70

If from the perfect line be found
 He has presum'd to swell the round,
 Or colours on the draught to lay,
 'Tis thus, (he order'd me to say)

Thus write the painters of this isle ;
 Let those of Co remark the style.

75

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
 The rival pledge, the missive board.

Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and easy shade,
'That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

80

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece ;
And live, said he, the arts of Greece !
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie ;
Howe'er our works may have exprest
Who truest drew or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line
He found at least I could design ;
And from his artful round I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

85

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale ;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts and country's praise ;
And in their working took great care
That all was full, and round, and fair.

90

95

100

102

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Marry'd a lass of London mould.
Handsome? Enough ; extremely gay ;
Lov'd music, company, and play :
High flights she had, and wit at will,
And so her tongue lay seldom still ;
For in all visits who but she
To argue or to repartee ?

5

She made it plain that human passion
Was order'd by predestination ;
That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they.

10

Whole tragedies she had by heart ;
 Enter'd into Roxana's part ;
 To triumph in her rival's blood
 The action certainly was good.
 How like a vine young Ammon curl'd !
 Oh that dear conq'ror of the world !
 She pity'd Betterton in age
 That ridicul'd the godlike rage.

15

20

She, first of all the town, was told
 Where newest India things were sold ;
 So in a morning, without bodice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's
 To cheapen tea, to buy a screen ;
 What else could so much virtue mean ?
 For to prevent the least reproach
 Betty went with her in the coach.

25

But when no very great affair
 Excited her peculiar care,
 She without fail was wak'd at ten,
 Drank chocolate, then slept again :
 At twelve she rose ; with much ado
 Her clothes were huddled on by two :
 Then, does my lady dine at home ?
 Yes, sure ;—but is the col'nel come ?
 Next, how to spend the afternoon,
 And not come home again too soon,
 The 'change, the city, or the play,
 As each was proper for the day ;
 A turn in summer to Hyde-park,
 When it grew tolerably dark.

30

35

40

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain ;
 Strange fancies come in Hans' brain :
 He thought of what he did not name,
 And would reform but durst not blame.
 At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life ;
 Told her how transient beauty was ;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass :
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
 And doubled down the useful places :

45

50

But still the weight of wordly care
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r;
 And Cleopatra was read o'er,
 While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.

55

An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilette;
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it,
 In short, the trade was still the same;
 The dame went out, the col'nel came.

60

What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
 Another batt'ry must be try'd:

What if to spells I had recourse?
 'Tis but to hinder something worse,

65

The end must justify the means;
 He only sins who ill intends:

Since therefore 'tis to combat evil
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

70

Forthwith the devil did appear,
 (For name him and he's always near)
 Not in the shape in which he plies
 At mis's elbow when she lies,
 Or stands before the nurs'ry doors
 To take the naughty boy that roars,
 But without tail, or eye, or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

75

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says; I bring relief.
 Relief! says Hans; pray let me crave
 Your name Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave.

80

I did not look upon your feet;
 You'll pardon me—Aye, now I see't.
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
 Our friends there, did you leave them well?

85

All well; but, pr'ythee, honest Hans
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance:

The truth is this; I cannot stay
 Flaring in sunshine all the day,
 For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
 Love more the fresco of the night;

90

And oft'ner our receipts convey
In dreams than any other way.
I tell you, therefore, as a friend, 95
Ere morning dawns your fears shall end :
Go then this ev'ning, Master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel ;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care
Whilst I the great receipt prepare—— 100
To-night I'll bring it by my faith :
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans ; glad not a little ;
Obey'd the devil to a tittle ;
Invited friends some half a dozen, 105
The col'nel and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and healths went round ;
Barbadoes' waters for the close,
Till Hans had fairly got his dose : 110
The col'nel toasted to the best ;
The dame mov'd off to be undrest :
The chimes went twelve, the guests withdrew,
But when or how Hans hardly knew :
Some modern anecdotes aver 115
He nodded in his elbow chair,
From thence was carry'd off to bed ;
John held his heels, and Nan his head ;
My lady was disturb'd ; new sorrow !
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow. 120

In bed then view this happy pair,
And think how Hymen triumph'd there :
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid,
The duty of the night unpaid ;
The waking dame with thoughts oppress'd 125
That made her hate both him and rest :
By such a husband, such a wife !
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life :
The lady sigh'd, the lover snor'd,
The punctual devil kept his word ; 130
Appear'd to honest Hans again,
But not at all by Madam seen ;

And giving him a magic ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king,
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for Satan's sake;
 'Twill do your bus'ness to a hair;
 For long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on. 135

Hans took the ring with joy extreme,
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd; I've gain'd my point.—
 What point, said she, you ugly beast? 145
 You neither give me joy nor rest.
 'Tis done—What's done, you drunken bear?
 You've thrust your finger G—d knows where? 148



PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST,

In Westminster School, at Christmas 1695, in the Character of Cleonidas, in Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes.

PISH ; Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak :
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
“ Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play ? ”
No, witness all ye Gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done
Who tremble when they see a critic frown :
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends :
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed ;
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read :
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd ; we know ourselves and you :
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know
The greatest souls to goodness only bow ;

And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

31

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

On her Majesty's Birth-day, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd light
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night;
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:
And thou, propitious Star, whose sacred pow'r
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the sun,
With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n;
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n;
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore;
Prolong one life, and Britain asks no more;
For Virtue can no ampler power express
Than to be great in war and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove
Who founds her greatness on her subjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require,
And orders that which we should first desire;
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.
Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is her delegate in war;
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns;
While the bright queen does on her subjects show'r
The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;

5

10

15

20

25

30

Bids the chaste muse without a blush appear,
And wit be that which heav'n and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield,
Secure of conquest sent him to the field ; 35
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd,
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time amidst her native temples sat
The goddess, studious of her Grecians' fate,
Taught 'em in laws and letters to excel, 40
In acting justly, and in writing well.

Thus, whilst she did her various pow'r dispose,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes :
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose. 44

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

*Represented by some of the Westminster Scholars at
Hickford's Dancing Room in Panton Street, near
Leicester Fields, the 2d of February, 1720.*

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED COR-
DELIO.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me
say,

Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play ?
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown :
Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat, 5
And if we don't delight, at least we treat.

Our's is the damage? if we chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd whose patent we act under?
How shall we gain you, Alamode de France?
We hir'd this room, but none of us can dance ; 10
In cutting capers we shall never please ;
Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and found ?
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound :
There we should fail too as to point of voice ; 15
Mistake us not ; we're no Italian boys :

True Britons born, from Westminster we come,
 And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
 We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause,
 And stand or fall by Friend's and Busby's laws. 20
 For the distress'd your pity we implore ;
 If once refus'd we'll trouble you no more,
 But leave our Orphan squalling at your door. 23

EPILOGUE TO PHÆDRA*.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
 For one who never troubled you before ;
 An Oxford man extremely read in Greek,
 Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak,
 And comes to town to let us moderns know 5
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
 If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play ;
 I'gad ! we know all that as well as they :
 Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career ; 10
 Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames
 As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames ;
 Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast,
 And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.
 But as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares 15
 Are e'en as good as any two of their's ;
 And if Hippolytus can but contrive
 To buy the gilded chariot John can drive.
 Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
 And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play, 20
 Something at least in justice should be said ;
 But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
 Well ! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she could,
 For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood,
 Her awkward love, indeed, was oddly fated ; 25
 She and her Poly were too near related ;
 And yet that scruple had been laid aside
 If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd :

* Phædra and Hippolytus, a tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

But when he came, what needed he to know
 But that all matters stood in *statu quo*? 30
 There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
 She might want conduct, but he wanted care,
 'Twas in a husband little less than rude
 Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
 He should have sent a night or two before 35
 That he would come exact at such an hour;
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,
 Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest,
 The piquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
 And spouse alone, impatient for her dear. 40

But if these gay reflections come too late
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate,
 If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame,
 Yet, ye chaste matrons and ye tender fair, 45
 Let love and innocence engage your care,
 My spotless flames to your protection take,
 And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake. 48

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS*.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

THE female author who recites to-day
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like father Bays securely she sits down:
 Pit, box, and gallery, Gad! all's our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ, 5
 By their applause the critics show'd their wit,
 They tun'd their voices to her lyric string,
 Tho' they could all do something more than sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find,
 'That booby Phaon only was unkind, 10
 An ill bred boatman, rough as waves and wind,
 From Sappho, down thro' all succeeding ages,
 And now on French or on Italian stages,
 Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
 Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches. 15

* Lucius, the first christian king of Britain, a tragedy, written by Mrs. Mauley.

Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.

The blust'ring bully in our neighb'ring streets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets;

Fearless, the petticoat contemns his frowns,

20

The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.

The many-colour'd gentry there above

By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love,

And while their sweethearts their attention fix,

Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks.

25

Now, Sirs,—

To you our author makes her soft request,

Who speak the kindest and who write the best ;

Your sympathetic heart she hopes to move

From tender friendship and endearing love.

30

If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse,

And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse,

She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears ;

I plead her sex's claim ; what matters her's ?

By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit

35

To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit ;

We'll try the empire you so long have boasted,

And if we are not prais'd we'll not be toasted :

Approve what one of us presents to night,

O'er every mortal woman here shall write :

40

Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,

We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme ;

Female remarks shall take up all your time.

Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;

Female third days shall come so thick upon ye,

45

As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,

We'll look, or write, or talk, you all to death,

Unless you yield for better and for worse ;

Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course,

And the gray mare will prove the better horse.

50

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

SIR,

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

AS once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,
The Spanish king presents a jennet
To shew his love,—that's all that's in it;
For if his Holiness would thump
His rev'rend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He might b'equipt from his own stable
With one more white and eke more able.

5

Or as with gondolas and men his
Good excellence the duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhyme, it had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the Gulf a ring,
Which trick of state he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance,
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold than he.

10

15

Or, not to rove and pump one's fancy
For popish families beyond sea,
As folks from mudwall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper corn for rent,
Present a turkey or a hen
To those might better spare them ten;
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.

20

25

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ
To pay respect, and not shew wit,
Nor look askew at what it saith;
There's no petition in it,—'faith.

30

Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why;

But I conceive such folks are quite in
 Mistakes in theory of writing.
 If once for principle 'tis laid
 That thought is trouble to the head,
 I argue thus: The world agrees
 That he writes well who writes with ease;
 Then he, by sequel logical,
 Writes best who never thinks at all.

35

40

Verse comes from heav'n like inward light;
 Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
 The god, not we, the poem makes;
 We only tell folks what he speaks.

45

Hence when anatomists discourse
 How like brutes' organs are to ours,
 They grant, if higher pow'rs think fit,
 A bear might soon be made a wit,
 And that for any thing in nature,
 Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.

50

Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal,
 But 'twas the god mean-while that spoke all.
 Rome oft' has heard a cross haranguing,
 With prompting priests behind the hanging:
 The wooden head resolv'd the question,
 While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

55

Your crabbed rogues that read Lucretius
 Are against gods you know, and teach us
 The gods make not the poet; but
 The thesis *vice versa* put,

60

Should Hebrew-wise be understood,
 And means, the poet makes the god.

Egyptian gard'ners thus are said to
 Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;
 And Romish bakers prais'd the deity.
 They chipp'd while yet in its pantiety.

65

That when you poets swear and cry
 The god inspires, I rave, I die;
 If inward wind does truly swell ye,
 'Tmust be the cholic in your belly:
 That writing is but just like dice,
 And lucky mains make people wise:

70

That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
 Shall well as Dryden form a poem,
 Or make a speech correct and witty,
 As you know who—at the committee.

75

So atoms, dancing round the centre,
 They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters should be spoke
 By method rather than by luck,

80

This may confine their younger styles
 Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's,

But never could be meant to tie
 Authentic wits like you and I:

For as young children, who are ty'd in

85

Gocarts, to keep their steps from sliding,

When members knit, and legs grow stronger,

Make use of such machine no longer,

But leap *pro libitu*, and scout

On horse call'd Hobby, or without ;

90

So when at school we first declaim,

Old Busby walks us in a theme,

Whose props support our infant vein,

And help the rickets in the brain ;

But when our souls their force dilate,

95

And thoughts grow up to wit's estate,

In verse or prose we write or chat,

Not fixpence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an author says,

But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.

100

Tonson, who is himself a wit,

Counts writers' merits by the sheet.

Thus each should down with all he thinks,

As boys eat bread to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you ;

105

I hope ye're well ; so God be wi' you ;

Was all I thought at first to write ;

But things since then are altered quite ;

Fancies flow in and Muse flies high,

So God knows when my clack will lie :

110

I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,

And beg your pardon yet this half hour,

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
 Where with my grannam I have gone,
 When Lobb had sifted all his text, 115
 And I well hop'd the pudding next,
 Now to apply, has plagu'd me more
 Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion ; first, of her
 Your friends do fav'ry things aver : 120
 They say she's honest as your claret,
 Not sour'd with cant, nor stumm'd with merit.

Your chamber is the sole retreat
 Of chaplains ev'ry Sunday night ;
 Of grace no doubt a certain sign 125
 When layman herds with man divine ;

For if their fame be justly great
 Who would no Popish nuncio treat,
 That his is greater we must grant
 Who will treat nuncios Protestant. 130
 One single positive weighs more,
 You know, than negatives a score.

In politics I hear you're staunch,
 Directly bent against the French ;
 Deny to have your freeborn toe 135
 Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe ;
 Are in no plots, but fairly drive at
 The public welfare in your private ;
 And will for England's glory try
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy, 140
 And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
 From what I lov'd, the Town and you,
 Let me just tell you how my time is
 Past in a country life.—*Imprimis,* 145

As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast ;
 So on, till foresaid god does set,
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
 Thus of your heroes and brave boys, 150
 With whom old Homer makes such noise,

The greatest actions I can find
Are, that they did their work and din'd.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond
Are such as you have whilom conn'd, 155

That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' rights in Golconda ;
Of highway elephants at Ceylon,
That rob in clans like men o' th' Highland ; 160

Of apes that storm or keep a town
As well almost as Count Lauzun ;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters,
Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in, 165
Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critiques I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again,
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one. 170

Then all your wits that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram,
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And sily put 'em off for mine,
Fond to be thought a country wit,
The rest—when Fate and you think fit. 175

Sometimes I climb my mare and kick her
To bottled ale and neighb'ring vicar ;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart ;
'Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart. 180

Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life,
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Chok'd up with fume and seacoal fires)
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric ; 185
Then hey for praise and panygeric ;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed ;
And wreaths round William's glorious head. 188

AN EPISTLE

TO

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

WHEN crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
 Were making legs, and begging places,
 And some with patents, some with merit,
 Tir'd out my good Lord Dorset's spirit :
 Sneaking I stood amongst the crew, 5
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited while the clock struck thrice,
 And footman brought out fifty lies ;
 Till, patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry : 10
 But did opine it might be better,
 By penny-post to send a letter ;
 Now, if you miss of this epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess, 15
 Is to desire some little place ;
 And fair pretensions I have for't,
 Much need, and very small desert.
 Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted ; 20
 I always begg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my learning and my vittle ;
 Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting ;
 Confirm what formerly you've given, 25
 Nor leave me now at six and seven,
 As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.
 No family, that takes a whelp
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of gate 30
 When he's grown up to dog's estate :
 Nor parish, if they once adopt,
 The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
 Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows : 35

No, thank them for their love, that's worse,
Than if they'd throttled them at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.

40

So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine.
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
val's Inn, to some good rogue attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I'd found some handsome ways of getting.

45

All this you made me quit, to follow
That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who,
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
In common justice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honest Christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

50

55

The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'll put me in some way;
And your petitioner shall pray—
There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one mouse eats, while t'other starv'd.

65

Ad virum doctissimum, et amicum, dominum

SAMUELEM SCHAW.

Cum theses de ictero præ gradu doctoris defenderit.

PHŒBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in arte labor:

Non ictrûm posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
 Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet;
 Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
 Neglectum telum dejice, fume lyram.

5

8

TRANSLATION, BY MR. COOKE.

To my learned friend

SAMUEL SCHAW,

*At taking his Doctor's Degree at Leyden, and defending a
 Thesis on the Jaundice.*

O PHŒBUS! Deity whose pow'rful hand
 Can spread diseases thro' the joyful land,
 Alike all powerful to relieve the pain,
 And bid the groaning nations smile again;
 When Schaw, our pride, you see, confess you find
 In him what art can do with labour join'd;
 No more the world the jaundice threats shall fear
 While he, the youth, our remedy, is near:
 Suppress thy rage, with verse the son inspire,
 The dart neglected to assume the lyre.

5

10

PRESENTED TO THE KING.

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY
 OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

Serus in cælum redeas, diuque
 Lætus intersis populo Quirini:
 Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
 Ocyor aura
 Tollat.-----

Hor. ad Augustum

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
 Ordains on earth and human acts to wait,
 Who turn with secret pow'r this restless ball,
 And bid destin'd empires rise and fall,
 Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
 When first they merit then ascend the throne;
 But tyrants dread you, lest your just decree
 Transfer the pow'r and set the people free:

5

See rescue'd Britain at your altars bow,
 And hear her hymns your happy care avow ; 10
 That still her axes and her rods support
 The judge's frown, and grace the awful court ;
 That Law with all her pompous terror stands
 To wrest the dagger from the traitors hands,
 And rigid justice reads the fatal word, 15
 Posses the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns
 That she can sep'rate parricides from sons ;
 That, impious rage disarmed, she lives and reigns,
 Her freedom kept by him who broke her chains. 20

And thou, great Minister, above the rest
 Of guardian spirits be thou for ever blest :
 Thou who of old wert sent to Israel's court
 With secret aid, great David's strong support,
 To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul, 25
 And strike the useless jav'lin to the wall,
 Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
 On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly shield,
 When pow'r Divine did sov'reign right declare,
 And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.

Still, blessed Angel, be thy care the same ; 31
 Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame ;
 Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand ;
 Save thou the king, as he has sav'd the land.

We angels forms, in pious monarchs view ; 35
 We rev'rence William, for he acts like you ;
 Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
 He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent fate our potent pray'r receives,
 And still Britannia smiles, and William lives : 40
 The hero, dear to earth, by heav'n lov'd,
 By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd ;
 His foes must aid to make his fame complete,
 And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, tho' with sudden rage the tempest comes, 45
 Tho' the winds roar, and tho' the water foams,
 Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
 And smiling sees her rebel subject frown :

Striking her cliff the storm confirms her pow'r ;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore : 50
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat ;
Broken they dash and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown ;
The pow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea, 55
Behold ! the monarch plows his liquid way :
His fleets in thunder thro' the world declare
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with crowds ; he sees the nation stand, 60
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great Leader's praise ; by turns they tell
And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd ; 65
How Belgia freed the hero's arm confest,
But trembled for the courage which she blest.

O Louis ! from this great example know
To be at once a hero and a foe :
By sounding trumpets hear, and rattling drums, 70
When William to the open vengeance comes ;
And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your native seats of night repair : 75
And thou Bellona weep thy cruel pride,
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
In brazen knots and everlasting chains :
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains)
While on the iv'ry chair in happy state 80
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency, and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death. 83

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY.

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704, THE AUTHOR THEN
FORTY.*

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the num'rous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's† fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command
To shew their passions by their letters. 4

II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The pow'r they have to be obey'd. 8

III.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell. 12

IV.

For while she makes her silkworms beds,
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair; 16

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet. 20

VI.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write I fear,
And we shall still continue friends. 24

VII.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd fate but mend it,

* Mr. Prior was born in the year 1664.

† We presume this young lady was one of the Dorset family.

That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

28

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER.

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race
you sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ
Of Ca'ndish' beauty, join'd to Cecil's wit,
But when you please to show the lab'ring muse
What greater theme your music can produce,
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

5

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
But as his pow'r was known their thoughts were rais'd,
And soon they worship'd what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song,
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda* young;
That as in birth and beauty you excel,
The muse might dictate and the poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's pow'r your music must disclose,
For what light is 'tis only light that shows.

15

20

Strange force of harmony that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls.
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only or at best our love,
You far above both these your god did place,
That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts destroy,
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And like himself communicate your joy.

25

When to your native heav'n you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,

30

Your lute may wind its strings but little higher
 To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
 Your art is perfect here ; your numbers do
 More than our books make the rude atheist know
 That there's a heav'n by what he hears below. 35

As in some piece while Luke his skill exprest,
 A cunning angel came and drew the rest,
 So when you play, some godhead does impart
 Harmonious aid ; divinity helps art ;
 Some cherub finishes what you begun, 40
 And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when frantic Nero play'd,
 Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
 The raging flames, but, struck with strange surprise,
 Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes ; 45
 But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
 His rage eluded and his crime aton'd :
 Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
 And from destruction call'd the rising town ;
 Malice to music had been forc'd to yield,
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou couldst build. 51

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

Written in her Milton.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first born virgin shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone.
 Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
 As Milton wrote, and such as your's her look. 4
 Your's the best copy of th' original face,
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race :
 Such chains no author could escape but he ;
 There's no way to be safe but not to see. 8

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
 And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd,
 Our common loss unjustly you complain,
 So small that part of it which you sustain. 4

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
 The stock of beauty destin'd for the race:
 Kind Nature forming them, the pattern took
 From Heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look. 8

You, happy faint, the serpent's pow'r control;
 Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul;
 And hell does o'er that mind vain triumphs boast
 Which gains a heav'n for earthly Eden lost. 12

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought,
 Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote. 16

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE am'rous youth, whose tender breast
 Was by his darling Cat possess'd,
 Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
 Howe'er irregular his fire:
 Nature the pow'r of love obey'd, 5
 The Cat became a blushing maid,
 And on the happy change the boy
 Employ'd his wonder and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
 Lest thou prefer so rash a pray'r, 10
 Nor vainly hope the queen of love,
 Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat,
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,
 Will lightly her first loss deplore,
 Will easily forgive the boar :
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow,
 With jealous rage her breast will glow,
 And on her tabby rival's face
 She deep will mark a new disgrace.

15

20

22

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well that, while mankind
 Thro' fate's perverse meander errs,
 He can imagin'd pleasures find
 To combat against real cares.

4

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
 Which ne'er had being but in thought ;
 Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
 The image he himself has wrought.

8

III.

Against experience he believes ;
 He argues against demonstration :
 Pleas'd when his reason he deceives,
 And sets his judgment by his passion.

12

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
 Has struggled with continu'd sorrow,
 Renews his hope, and blindly lays
 The desp'rate bet upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes : 'tis noon, 'tis night :
 This day like all the former flies ;
 Yet on he runs to seek delight
 To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

16

VI.

Our hopes like tow'ring falcons aim
 An objects in an airy height :

The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

24

VII.

Our anxious pains we all the day
In search of what we like employ;
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

28

VIII.

At distance thro' an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear;
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

32

XI.

If we see right we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise.

36

X.

We weary'd should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

40

TO DR. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING
DEATH.

FORGIVE the muse who, in unhallow'd strains,
The faint one moment from his God detains;
For sure what'er you do, where'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant pray'r.
Forgive her; and entreat that God to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her notes to that sublime degree
Which suits a song of piety and thee.

5

Wondrous good man! whose labours may repel
The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,
The crying voice to bid the world repent.

10

Thee youth shall study, and no more engage
 Their flatt'ring wishes for uncertain age;
 No more with fruitless care and cheated strife
 Chase fleeting pleasure thro' this maze of life;
 Finding the wretched all they here can have
 But present food, and but a future grave;
 Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
 This abject world, and weeping ask a new. 20

Decrepit age shall read thee, and confess
 Thy labours can assuage where med'cines cease;
 Shall bless thy words, their wounded souls' relief,
 The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life;
 Shall look to heav'n, and laugh at all beneath, 25
 Own riches gather'd trouble, fame a breath,
 And life an ill whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
 Their sense untutor'd Infancy may know;
 Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought, 30
 Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
 Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,
 On its blest steps each age and sex may rise;
 'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
 Its foot on earth, its height above the skies. 35

Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its pow'r;
 'Tis public health, and universal cure:
 Of heav'nly manna 'tis a second feast,
 A nation's food, and all to ev'ry taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd, 40
 And various death for various crimes she fear'd:
 With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live,
 You wrest the bolt from Heav'n's avenging hand,
 Stop ready death, and save a sinking land. 45

O! save us still; still bless us with thy stay:
 O! wait thy heav'n till we have learn'd the way:
 Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon,
 And for the church's good defer thy own.
 O! live, and let thy works urge our belief; 50
 Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;

Till future infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
 Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
 Till Christians yet unborn be taught to die.

Then in full age and hoary holiness 55
 Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd bliss;
 Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
 As thy own fame among the future just,
 Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks;
 Till judgment calls, and quicken'd nature wakes; 60
 Till thro' the utmost earth and deepest sea
 Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,
 In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,
 Perfect our state, and build immortal man:
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'd'st the fight, 65
 To paths of joy and tracks of endless light,
 Lead up all those who heard thee and believ'd;
 'Midst thy own flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd,
 And glad all heav'n with millions thou hast sav'd. 69

TO A PERSON

WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPAKE WORSE, AGAINST ME.

LIE Philo untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf,
 Nor take it amiss that so little I heed thee;
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:
 Then why should I answer since first I must read thee?
 Drunk with Helicon's waters, and double-brew'd bub,
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag; 6
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.
 Pursue me with satire; what harm is there in't?
 But from all *vivà voce* reflection forbear;
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print;
 There may be a little from what thou may'st swear. 12

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites]
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes

His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with by his legs. 4
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
 So he may cease to write, and learn to think. 8

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,
 SINCE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN,

On a Column of her Drawing.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view [drew]
 These glorious lines which Harley's daughter
 They shall confess that Britain could not raise
 A fairer column to the father's praise. 4

To the Right Honourable

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER
 OF DEVONSHIRE,

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

Whereon were all her grandsons painted.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest
 If she created or he painted best;
 With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
 She still form'd fairer, he still liker drew.

In these sev'n brethren they contended last; 5
 With art increas'd their utmost skill they try'd,
 And both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass'd,
 The goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
 That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
 Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise: 10
 For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd
 Only yourself thus often multiply'd.
 When Heav'n had you and gracious Anna made,
 What more exalted beauty could it add?

Q 2

Having no nobler images in store, 15
Is but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before
If in dear Burghley's gen'rous face we see
Obliging truth and handsome honesty,
With all that world of charms which soon will move 20
Reverence in men, and in the fair ones love ;
His ev'ry grace his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has your's.
If ev'ry Cecil's face had ev'ry charm
That thought can fancy or that Heav'n can form, 25
Their beauties all become your beauty's due ;
They are all fair, because they're all like you.
If ev'ry Ca'ndish great and charming look,
From you that air, from you the charms, they took.
In their each limb your image is exprest, 30
But on their brow firm courage stands confest ;
There their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece.
Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,
Wieffen sev'n times one great perfection drew ; 35
Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent-sun with genial beams
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improv'd, while ev'ry stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun. 40

So when great Rhea many births had giv'n,
Such as might govern earth and people heav'n,
Her glory grew diffus'd ; and, fuller known,
She saw the Deity in ev'ry son ;
And to what god soe'er men altars rais'd, 45
Hon'ring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys ;
Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race. 50

Ah ! Wieffen, had thy art been so refin'd
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Thro' circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give,

To men unborn and ages yet to live : 55
 T'would still be wonderful, and still be new,
 Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do,
 Till thine, confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
 And Ca'ndish's name and Cecil's honour die. 59

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, Madam, may with safety go
 Decrees of destiny to know ;
 For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
 And certain happiness ordain'd :
 Such charms as your's are only giv'n 5
 To chosen favourites of Heav'n.

But such is my uncertain state
 'Tis dangerous to try my fate ;
 For I would only know from art
 The future motions of your heart, [10
 And what predestinated doom
 Attends my love for years to come,
 No secrets else that mortals learn
 My cares deserve, or life concern ;
 But this will so important be 15
 I dread to search the dark decree ;
 For while the smallest hope remains
 Faint joys are mingled with my pains.
 Vain distant views my fancy please,
 And give some intermitting ease ; 20
 But should the stars too plainly show
 That you have doom'd my endless woe,
 No human force or art could bear
 The torment of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know, 25
 And other truths are useless now.
 What matters if, unblest in love,
 How long or short my life will prove ?
 To gratify what low desire
 Should I with needless haste inquire, 30

How great how wealthy I shall be?
 Oh, what is wealth or pow'r to me!
 If I am happy or undone,
 It must proceed from you alone. 34

TO A FRIEND ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his Alcmena's charms,
 Three nights in one he prest her in his arms;
 The sun lay set, and conscious nature strove
 To shade her god, and to prolong his love.

From that auspicious night Alcides came; 5
 What less could rise from Jove and such a dame?
 May this auspicious night with that compare,
 Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir,
 He strong as Jove, she like Alcmena fair. 9

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

OF thy judicious Muse's sense,
 Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
 That Sacharissa and Hortense
 She looks henceforth upon as dowdies. 4

II.

Yet she to one must still submit,
 To dear Mamma must pay her duty;
 She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
 Thou shouldst forget his daughter's beauty. 8

AN EPISTLE.

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

*Written at Paris 1714, but left unfinished, by the sudden news
 of her Majesty's death.*

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
 The shining sideboard and the burnish'd plate,
 Let other ministers, great Anne, require,
 And partial fall thy gift to their desire.

To the fair Portrait of my sov'reign dame, 5
To that alone eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take, 10
Be grateful to my Queen, permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in despite of age, of impious flame, 15
And eating Time, thy Picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last, that, as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen,
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene; 20
When to a low but to a loyal hand
The mighty Empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease; 25
She checks her conquest for her subjects ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have pow'r
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign 30
In words sublimer and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse:
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * * 34

A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX,

Occasioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704.

----Cupidum, Pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Agmina, nec fracta percuntes cuspide Gallos.----Hor. Lib. M. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests and a glorious King;

Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
 And bring him laurels whatsoe'er they cost,
 What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay, 5
 On the event of that superior day,
 In which one English subject's prosp'rous hand
 (So Jove did will, so Anna did command)
 Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
 Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise? 10

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
 Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault.
 Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
 That fatal day the mighty work was done,
 With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun. 15
 Some demon envying France mislaid the fight,
 And Mars mistook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When thy young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
 To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
 What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim, 20
 Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme?
 And tho' the poet made his last efforts,
 Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
 But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
 Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign? 25
 The Danube rescu'd and the Empire sav'd,
 Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
 And would it prejudice thy softer vein
 To sing the princes Louis and Eugene?
 Is it too hard in happy verse to place 30

The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
 Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
 That France may fall by more harmonious names.
 Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
 Would Ingoldsb'ry or Palmes offend thy ear? 35
 And is there not a sound in Marlbrô's name
 Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
 Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;
 Place me the valliant Gouram in his stead: 40
 Let the intention make the number good;
 Let gen'rous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.

And tho' rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command.

With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain, 45
May close the verse, rememb'ring but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain, 50
Have troubles utterly unknown to those
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance, now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree?
In one great day, on Hochstet's fatal plain, 55
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain;
Push'd thro' the Danube to the shores of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six;
Officers captive made, and private men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten; 60
Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
Cannons, and kettle-drums,—sweet numbers these.
But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And when you should your hero's deeds rehearse, 65
Give us a commissiary's list in verse?

Why, faith, Despreaux, there's sense in what you
I told you where my difficulty lay: [say;
So vast, so num'rous, were great Blenheim's spoils, 69
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the muse's
To make the rough recital aptly chime, [toils.
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my Lord Mayor's day?
To number all the sev'ral dishes drest 75
By honest Lamb last coronation-feast?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill; 80
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam,
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;

Yet, Boileau, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive
 Beneath the shades of Marlbrô's wreaths to live;
 Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice, 85
 And to their fav'rite's strain exalt her voice,
 Arms and a Queen to sing, who, great and good,
 From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring flood,
 Sent forth the terror of her high commands
 To save the nations from invading hands, 90
 To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
 And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The Queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
 Attended by the gods of War and Love;
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore, 95
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.

Sudden the Nymphs and Tritons should appear,
 And as great Anna smiles dispel their fear;
 With active dance should her observance claim;
 With vocal shell should sound her happy name; 100
 Their master Thames should leave the neigh'bring
 By his strong anchor known and silver oar; [shore,
 Should lay his ensigns at his sov'reign's feet,
 And audience mild with humble grace entreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain, 105
 That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign,
 Whilst further seas are by his fleets survey'd,
 And on his happy banks each India laid,
 His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
 Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war; 110
 That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
 Against two rebel armies' neighb'ring force;
 And all must weep, sad captives to the Seine,
 Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.
 The valiant Sov'reign calls her gen'ral forth, 115
 Neither recites her bounty nor his worth;
 She tells him he must Europe's fate redeem,
 And by that labour merit her esteem
 She bids him wait her to the sacred hall,
 Shews him Prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
 Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast, 121
 Says he must die, or succour the distressed.

Placing the faint an emblem by his side,
She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The hero bows obedient, and retires: 125

The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires:

His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,

The great design revolving in his mind,

When to his sight a heav'nly form appears,

Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears. 130

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,

Below for ever fought, and bless'd above;

Me, the bright source of wealth, and pow'r and fame,

(Nor need I say Victoria is my name)

Me the great Father down to thee has sent; 135

He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,

To execute what Anna's wish would have;

Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare, then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate;

For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great: 140

Go forth, and be to distant nations known,

My future fav'rite, and my darling son:

At Schellenberg I'll manifest, sustain

Thy glorious cause, and spread my wings again,

Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain. 145

The goddess said, nor would admit reply,

But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known,

And thronging armies to his standard run;

He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails; 150

(Bless him, ye Seas, and prosper him, ye Gales!)

Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,

And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:

His presence only must retrieve that loss;

Marlbrough to her must be what William was: 155

So when great Atlas, from these low abodes

Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods,

Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,

Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance; 160

Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:

The British Gen'ral dooms the fight; his sword

Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
 Anne and St. George the charging hero cries :
 Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring wood replies, 165
 Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign
 The standards move, the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours Time measures out the sands,
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands ;
 The ninth, Victoria comes :—o'er Marlborough's head
 Confess'd she sits : the hostile troops recede ;— 171
 Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The Eagle, by the British Lion's might
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight ;
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar 174
 From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise,
 The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise, 179
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies
 With wonder (though with envy still) pursu'd by human

But we must change the style—Just now I said [eyes,
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade ;
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost ; 185
 Bless'd if I may some younger muse excite,
 Point out the game, and animate the flight ;
 That from Marseilles to Calais France may know,
 As we have conqu'rors, we have poets too,
 And either laurel does in Britain grow ; 190
 That, though amongst themselves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle when we should debate,
 (A consequential ill which freedom draws ;
 A bad effect, but from a nobler cause)
 We can with universal zeal advance 195
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France,
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
 To answer to thy Master or thy Muse ;
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
 While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains,
 And where old Spenser sung a new Eliza reigns. 203

HYMNS.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Set by Dr. Purcell.*

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career,
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Thro' every distant climate own
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial pow'r was
II. [known.

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning year be blest,
As his infant months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow,
As his summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow
Our times are dated, and our æras move;
They govern and enlighten all below
As thou dost all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war,
Active and fierce, like thee appear;
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
When, clad in rising majesty,
Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confests'd,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest'd.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From fairest years and time's more happy stores
Gather all the smiling Hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;

* Sung before their Majesties on new-year's day, 1694.

Such as with conquest have rewarded
 Triumphant victors' happy cares;
 Such as story has recorded
 Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
 For countries sav'd and battles won.

35

V.

March them again in fair array,
 And bid them form the happy day,
 The happy day design'd to wait
 On William's fame and Europe's fate.
 Let the happy day be crown'd
 With great event and fair success;
 No brighter in the year be found,
 But that which brings the victor home in peace.

40

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
 Great in wisdom as in pow'r;
 Again, for good Maria's sake and ours,
 Chuse out other smiling Hours;
 Such as with joyous wings have fled
 When happy counsels were advising;
 Such as have lucky omens shed
 O'er forming laws and empires rising;
 Such as many courses ran,
 Hand in hand, a goodly train,
 To bless the great Eliza's reign;
 And in the typic glory show
 What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

45

50

55

VII.

As the solemn Hours advance,
 Mingled send into the dance
 Many fraught with all the treasures
 Which thy eastern travel views;
 Many, wing'd with all the pleasures
 Man can ask or Heav'n diffuse,
 That great Maria all those joys may know
 Which from her cares upon her subjects flow.

60

65

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our Sov'reign's praise,
 God of verses and of days;

Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
 Their lasting work with William's name ;
 Let chosen Muses yet unborn 70
 Take great Maria for their future theme ;
 Eternal structures let them raise
 On William and Maria's praise ;
 Nor want new subject for the song,
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store, 75
 Till Nature's music lies unstrung ;
 Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double pow'r,
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more. 78

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim.
 Whom apter shall we sing than Jove himself,
 The god for ever great, for ever king,
 Who slew the Earthborn race, and measures right
 To heav'n's great 'habitants ? Dictæan hear'st thou 5
 More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
 And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
 Or Dictæ, studious of his country's praise.
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place ; but oft
 He meets reproof deserv'd ; for he, presumptuous, 10
 Has built a tomb for thee who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth : great Rhea,
 Pregnant, to high Paryhasia's cliffs retir'd,
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines ; 15
 Holy retreat ! thence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and Nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd 20
 The pond'rous birth ; she sought a neighb'ring spring
 To wash the recent babe : in vain : Arcadia,
 (However streamy now) adust and dry,
 Deny'd the goddess's water ; where deep Melas
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd 25

Obsure with rising dust : the thrifty trav'ler
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterranean caverns : forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'er shading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon, 30
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
 Thou, too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth,
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said, and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff : from its disparted height 35
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And cheer'd the vallies : there the heavenly mother
 Bath'd, mighty King, thy tender limbs ; she wrapt them
 In purple bands ; she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee 40
 Careful and secret : Neda, of the nymphs
 That tended the great birth, next Philyre
 And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
 And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust ;
 Not unrewarded, since the river bore 45
 The fav'rite virgin's name ; fair Neda rolls
 By Lepricon's ancient walls, a fruitful stream :
 Fast by her flow'ry bank the son of Arcas,
 Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge, and joyous drink her wave. 50
 Thee, god, to Gnosus Neda brought : the Nymphs
 And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
 Receiv'd : Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle :
 The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat, distent 55
 With milk, thy early food : the sedulous bee
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
 Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
 To thy foreknowing mother !) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms,
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell 60
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn.
 Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heav'nly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years : inventive wit
 And perfect judgment crown'd thy youthful act. 65

That Saturn's sons receiv'd the threefold empire
Of heav'n, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value, 70
By lot are parted; but high heav'n, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion:
Wherefore not Chance, but pow'r above thy brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will 75
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels
Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And, oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy fav'rite rise 80
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of pow'r, thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal. Those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe, 85
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleaming armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow thro' the panther's heart. 90
The soldier, from successful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal. 95
Those, mighty Jove, mean-time thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the pow'r of kings, and kings of Jove:
And as their actions tend subordinate 100
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou seest impartial
How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
His diff'rent realm accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world; these only have 105

To speak and be obey'd ; to those are giv'n
 Assistant days to ripen the design ;
 To some whole months ; revolving years to some :
 Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose, blasted
 With fruitless act and impotence of counsel. 111
 Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of ev'ry good ; thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung ? or who that may be born shall sing ?
 Again, and often hail ! indulge our pray'r, 115
 Great Father ! grant us virtue, grant us wealth ;
 For without virtue wealth to man avails not,
 And virtue without wealth exerts less pow'r,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, Gracious,
 Virtue and wealth, for both are of thy gift. 120

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

HAH ! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
 And all the cavern shakes ! Far off, far off,
 The man that is unhallow'd : for the god,
 The god approaches. Hark ! he knocks ; the gates
 Feel the glad impulse, and the sever'd bars 5
 Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
 Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
 Self-mov'd, and hov'ring swans, their throats releas'd
 From native silence, carol sounds harmonious ?
 Begin young men the hymn : let all your harps 10
 Break their inglorious silence, and the dance,
 In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
 But first by ardent pray'r and clear lustration
 Purge the contagious spots of human weakness :
 Impure no mortal can behold Apollo. 15
 So may ye flourish favour'd by the god,
 In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
 With silver hairs, and fair descent of children ;
 So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
 And bless your spreading colonies increase. 20
 Pay sacred rev'rence to Apollo's song,

Lest wrathful the far-shooting god emit
 His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands,
 And seas subside, obedient to the sound
 Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis 25
 Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
 For Phoebus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
 In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
 E'en thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
 Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
 To those which fair Latona bore to Jove. 30
 Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.
 He that resists the pow'r of Ptolemy
 Resists the pow'r of heav'n; for pow'r from heav'n 35
 Derives, and monarchs rule by gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise till night draws on,
 The ditty still unfinish'd, and the day
 Unequal to the godhead's attributes
 Various, and matter copious of your songs. 40

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
 And Liétian bow, are gold: with golden sandals 45
 His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
 Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises,
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
 Eternal deck his cheeks; from his fair head
 Perfumes distil their sweets; and cheerful Health, 50
 His duteous handmaid, thro' the air improv'd,
 With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spearman's arm, by thee, great god, directed,
 Sends forth a certain wound. The laurell'd bard,
 Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal. 55
 Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
 Eludes the urn, and chains or exiles Death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from heav'n
 Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
 Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow 60
 Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the sh

Not without pain, dragg'd her distended udder ;
 And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
 Now dropp'd their twofold burthens. Blest the cattle
 On which Apollo cast his fav'ring eye ! 65

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent
 Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
 Kind sister to thy infant-deity,
 New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
 Brought hunted wild goats' heads and branching antlers
 Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil : 71

These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
 (Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
 With emblematic skill and mystic order. 74
 Thou shew'dst where tow'rs or battlements should rise,
 Where gates should open, or where walls should com-
 While from thy childish pastime, man receiv'd [pass ;
 The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
 The Lybian strand, when the foreboding crow 80
 Flew on the right before the people, marking
 The country destin'd the auspicious seat
 Of future kings, and favour of the god,
 Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boedromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian 85
 Phœbus, great king ? for diff'rent are thy names,
 As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
 Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
 Carnean let me call thee, for my country
 Calls the Carnean : the fair colony 90
 Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported
 Ere settl'd in Cyrene ; there we appointed
 Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars,
 Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,
 As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend, 95
 Had erst ordain'd ; and with mysterious rites
 Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship,
 Iö ! Carnean Phœbus ! Iö Pean !

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus,
 Reserve the honours of their winter-store 100
 To deck thy temple, till returning spring

Diffuses Nature's various pride, and flow'rs
 Innumerable, by the soft south-west
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
 Rebound their sweets from th' odorif'rous pavement.
 Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars, 106
 When annual the Carnean feast is held :
 The warlike Libyans clad in armour lead
 The dance ; with clanging swords and shields they beat
 The dreadful measure : in the chorus join 110
 Their women, brown, but beautiful : such rites
 To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
 And lands determin'd for their last abodes,
 But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid forest 115
 Dispers'd, when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair one view
 Her typic people ; thou with pleasure taught'st her
 To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion, 121
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph who, honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy pow'r ! the monstrous Python
 Durst tempt thy wrath in vain ; for dead he fell, 125
 To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.
 Iö ! while thy unerring hand elanced
 Another, and another dart, the people
 Joyful repeated Iö ! Iö Pean !
 Elance the dart, Apollo ; for the safety 130
 And health of man, gracious, thy mother bore thee.
 Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus :
 Like thee I am a pow'r immortal, therefore
 To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
 Those poets who write little ? vast and great 135
 Is what I love : the far-extended ocean
 To a small riv'let I prefer. Apollo
 Spurn'd Envy with his foot, and thus the god :
 Dæmon, the headlong current of Euphrates,
 Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy, 140
 And carries forward with his stupid force

Polluting dirt, his torrent still augmenting,
 His wave still more defil'd; mean-while the nymphs
 Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
 Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd, 145
 And fit for heav'nly use, from little urns
 Pour streams select and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy,
 Ill judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
 Draw tons unmeasurable, while thy favour 150
 Administers to my ambitious thirst
 The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
 Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
 Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt. 154



EPIGRAMS.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit,
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms,
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid 5
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said ;
Yield sister ; rival, yield : naked, you see,
I vanquish : guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest,
Dreadful like thine my shield, and terrible my crest ! 10
The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd,
Thy folly child is equal to thy pride :
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise :
Thou to be strong must put off ev'ry drefs ; 15
Thy only armour is thy nakedness ;
And more than one (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himself that armour has been try'd. 18

ANOTHER.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the
meats ;
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes :
Yet sighing, he says we must certainly break,
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak,
For of late I invite him—but four times a week. 7

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation :
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;
 By demonstration Ned can show it:
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
 I heard thy anxious coachman say
 It costs thee more in whips than hay.

PARTIAL FAME.

THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
 In open pomp and triumph reigns:
 The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Tho' he for all his boast is forc'd to yield,
 Tho' she can always keep the field,
 He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame:
 How partial is the voice of Fame!

NELL AND JOHN.

WHEN Nell, giv'n o'er by the doctor, was dying,
 And John at the chimney stood decently crying,
 'Tis in vain said the woman to make such ado,
 For to our long home we must all of us go.

II.

True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the worst
 For us that remain, the best always go first;
 Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
 When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare.

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to
retreat,

As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He wuld be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd,
You may have forgot—you was drunk when you dy'd.

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH how thou spoil'st the best project of life,
Said Gabriel, who still as he bury'd one wife,
For the sake of her family marry'd her cousin;
And thus in an honest collateral line
He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen. 6

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes her billet-doux, then says her pray'rs,
Her mass and toilette, vespers, and the play;
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day:
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent, 5
At Easter calls all Isr'el to her tent:
Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern saint. 10

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH Richard in jest looking wistly at Nelly,
Methinks child you seem something round in
belly.

Nell answer'd him snappishly, how can that be,
When my husband has been more than two years at sea?

Thy husband! quoth Dick, why that matter was
 carry'd
 Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wer't
 marry'd. 6

FATAL LOVE.

POOOR Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
 Expecting till midnight when Nan would come out;
 But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame, [flame.
 And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's
 Whoe'er thou art that reads these moral lines,
 Make love at home, and go to bed betimes. 6

THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,
 "Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest,
 "Give him one half and he'll secure the rest."
 No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree, 5
 By ravaging my flock to ruin me,
 To their commands I willingly resign,
 Pow'r is their character, and patience mine;
 Tho', troth, to me there seems but little odds
 Who prove the greatest robbers—wolves or gods. 10

THE PARALLEL.

PPROMETHEUS, forming Mr. Day,
 Carv'd something like a man in clay:
 The mortal's work might well miscarry;
 He that does heav'n and earth control
 Has only pow'r to form a soul; 5
 His hand is evident in Harry,
 Since one is but a moving clod,
 Th' other the lively form of God.
 'Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
 To prove all poetry but fable. 10

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. **O**H! with what woes am I oppress'd!
 W. Be still you senseless calf!

What if the gods should make you blest?

H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:

But if they won't I'll wail and cry;

W. You'll hardly laugh before you die. 6

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their ills complain:

That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,

And Stella's plumpness into dropfy turns.

O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen, 5

Little, alas! are their distempers seen.

But thou for all thy seeming health art ill,

Beyond thy lover's hopes or Blackmore's skill;

No lenitives can thy disease assuage;

I tell thee 'tis incurable—'tis age. 10

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

LUKE Preachill admires what we laymen can mean,
 That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd,
 He has but three livings and would be a dean;
 His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his maid. 4

II.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,

At all hours a lusty young hussy is near; [earth,

And to take off his thoughts from the things of this

He can be content with two thousand a-year. 8

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis* of Ephraim heard Rochester†
 preach,

Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee dear brother,

* Bishop of Gloucester.

† Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach.
 His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another;
 I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
 We preach very sadly if he preaches well. 6

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke
 Much better than he loves his life)
 Chanc'd th' other morning to provoke
 The patience of a well-bred wife. 4

II.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
 Two of the greatest wits in Town,
 One ask'd if that high furze of hair
 Was *bona fide* all your own. 8

III.

Her own! most certain, th' other said;
 For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye
 The hair was bought, the money paid,
 And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly. 12

IV.

Pontia (that civil prudent she,
 Who values wit much less than sense,
 And never darts a repartee
 But purely in her own defence) 16

V.

Reply'd, These friends of your's, my dear,
 Are giv'n extremely much to satire;
 But pr'ythee, husband, let one hear
 Sometimes less wit and more good-nature. 20

VI.

Now I have one unlucky thought
 That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit;
 Some hair I have I'm sure unbought,
 Pray bring your brother-wits to see't. 24

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

SO good a wife doth Lissy make
 That from all company she flieth;

Such virtuous courses doth she take
That she all evil tongues defiest;
And for her dearest spouse's sake
She with his brethren only lieth.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
You never yet told me one truth in your life.
Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now? 4

TO DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.
With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain you cannot bear
An ill you may soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much than you believe.
Lend him but fifty *louis d'or*,
And you shall never see him more:
'Take the advice; *probatum est*.
Why do the gods indulge our store
But to secure our rest? 13

ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæsar's was my death,
Who in the senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the commonwealth my heir.

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says, Mix water with your wine.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

CARMEN SECULARE.

For the year 1700.

TO THE KING.

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæc'lo :
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !

Virg. Ecl. I

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
Into the long records of ages past ;
Review the years in fairest action drest
With noted white, superior the rest ;
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from battles won :
Show all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd :
The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
And happy pow'r sustain'd by wholesome laws ;
In comely rank call ev'ry merit forth,
Imprint on ev'ry act its standard worth ;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders and to Britain's King :
With equal justice and historic care.
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare ;
Confess the various attributes of Fame
Collected and complete in William's name ;
To all the list'ning world relate
(As thou dost his story read)
That nothing went before so great,
And nothing greater can succeed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in Peace, and terrible in war ;
The boldest virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth ;
Then turn to her fair written page,
From dawning childhood to establish'd age,

The glories of her empire trace,
 Confront the heroes of thy Roman race, 30
 And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
 And spread his empire o'er the distant plains;
 But yet the Sabine's violated charms
 Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms. 35
 Numa the rights of strict religion knew,
 On ev'ry altar laid the incense due;
 Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
 Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
 Stern Brutus was with too much horror good, 40
 Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
 Fabius was wise, but with excess of care
 He sav'd his country, but prolong'd the war;
 While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
 And by their strict examples taught 45
 How wild desires should be controll'd,
 And how much brighter virtue was than gold;
 They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide,
 And boasted poverty with too much pride.
 Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd; 50
 And Cato, dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.
 Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
 But patriots fell ere the Dictator rose:
 And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
 The monarch was ador'd, the city chain'd. 55

IV.

With justest honour be their merits drest,
 But be their failings too confess:
 Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
 Rolling, its course design'd the country's good;
 But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed 60
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
 And with the blood of Jove there always ran
 Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after these so far prevail
But that their vices more than turn the scale ; 65
Valour grown wild by pride, and pow'r by rage,
Did the true charms of majesty impair !
Rome, by degrees, advancing more in age,
Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair,
Till Heav'n a better race of men supplies, 70
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

VI.

Turn thee to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain ;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in vent'rous battles won. 75
From the first William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes ;
With happy laws her empire to sustain, 80
And with full pow'r assert her ambient main :
But sometimes too industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of Fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conquest trample over right ; 85
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty, 90
The chief still dying or the country free :
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow
From warlike Cornet thro' the loins of Beau ;
Thro' Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranplanted to the Rhine. 95
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged North,
Till Heav'n's decrees by rip'ning times are shown,
Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne,
And the fair rivals live for ever one. 100

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
 Be kind, and as thy searching eye
 Does our modern story trace,
 Finding some of Stuart's race
 Unhappy, pass their Annals by ;
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise ;
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise :
 But as thou dwell'it upon that heav'nly name*,
 To grief for ever sacred as to fame,
 Oh ! read it to thyself ; in silence weep,
 And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep,
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

105

110

IX.

Whither wouldst thou further look ?
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book ;
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life,
 How like Alcides he began ;
 With infant patience calm'd seditions strife,
 And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

115

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
 By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms ;
 When conqu'ring, mild ; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd ;
 By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd ;
 Superior to the blind events
 Of little human accidents,
 And, constant to his first decree,
 To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free ;
 To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

120

125

XI.

His op'ning years to riper manhood bring,
 And see the hero perfect in the king ;
 Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
 And pow'r supreme by free consent obey'd ;
 With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows ;

130

* Mary.

With what desire he makes his subjects blest'd, 135
His favours granted ere his throne address'd ;
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars ;
How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals strength'ning what his law ordains. 140

XII.

Thro' all his thread of life already spun
Becoming grace and proper action run :
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault ;
No footsteps of the Victor's rage 145
Left in the camp where William did engage ;
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spy'd :
His fame, like gold the more 'tis try'd
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim, 150
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And losing nor its lustre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus be to William just ; 155
To faithful History his actions trust ;
Command her, with peculiar care,
To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry war :
His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright, 160
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed :
And still the fire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown,
That William's glory still may live, 165
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mould'ring drop the victor's praise :
When the great monuments of his pow'r
Shall now be visible no more ; 170
When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood,
And children ask where Namur stood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her tow'rs were arm'd !
 How she contemn'd th' approaching foe !
 Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd, 175
 And shook, and sunk, and fell, beneath his blow.
 Jove and Pallas, mighty pow'rs,
 Guided the hero to the hostile tow'rs.
 Perseus seem'd less swift in war
 When, wing'd with speed, he flew thro' air. 180
 Embattled nations strive in vain
 The hero's glory to restrain :
 Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
 In vain against his force conspire.
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear ! 185
 And, lo ! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
 The hero from the height beheld :
 He spake the word, that war and rage should cease ;
 He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow, 190
 And dictated a lasting peace
 To the rejoicing world below.
 To rescu'd states and vindicated crowns
 His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds :
 Ordain'd whom ev'ry province should obey, 195
 How far each monarch should extend his sway,
 Taught 'em how clemency made pow'r rever'd,
 And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
 Firm by his side unspotted honour stood,
 Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good : 200
 His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deckt
 Than those which all his num'rous crowns reflect ;
 Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings,
 Proclaim'd the first of men and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the muse aspire 205
 With Pindar's rage, without his fire ?
 Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
 Created by too great a thought ;

Mindless of the god and day
 I from thy altars Janus stray, 210
 From thee and from myself borne far away.
 The fiery Pegasus disdains
 To mind the rider's voice or hear the reins:
 When glorious fields and opening camps he views
 He runs with an unbounded loose: 215
 Hardly the Muse can fit the headstrong horse,
 Nor would she if she could check his impetuous force:
 With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,
 While she thro' earth and air pursues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore, 220
 Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore;
 Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
 And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars,
 She thro' the raging ocean now
 Views him advancing his auspicious prow; 225
 Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
 Sighing the moments that defer our ease;
 Daring to wield the sceptre's dang'rous weight,
 And taking the command to save the state;
 Tho' ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd 230
 New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
 And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms,
 In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
 And plunges after him thro' Boyne's fierce stream.
 She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste 236
 To tell old Ocean how the hero past:
 The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
 Worthy that arm whose empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring 240
 The humblest victor and the kindest king!
 Albion with open triumph would receive
 Her hero, nor obtains his leave;
 Firm he rejects the altars she would raise,
 And thanks the zeal while he declines the praise. 245

Again she follows him thro' Belgia's land,
 And countries often sav'd by William's hand;
 Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils
 Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
 In various views she tries her constant theme, 250
 Finds him in councils and in arms the same:
 When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save,
 Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another scene employs her sight;
 She sets her hero in another light; 255
 Paints his great mind, superior to success,
 Declining conquest to establish peace;
 She brings Astrea down to earth again,
 And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary'd wing the goddess soars 260
 East, over Danube and Propontis' shores,
 Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
 Retard their armies, and suspend their rage;
 Till William's word, like that of Fate declares
 If they shall study peace or lengthen wars. 265
 How sacred his renown for equal laws,
 To whom the world defers its common cause!
 How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
 Whom ev'ry nation courts, whom all religions trust!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the northern sea 270
 The goddess wings her desp'rate way,
 Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,
 Whose sov'reign terror forty nations dread,
 Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
 And passing half the earth to his embrace: 275
 She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
 O'er precipices with impetuous sway
 Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
 But her own king she likens to his Thames, 280
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams!

Serene, yet strong, majestic, yet sedate,
 Swift without violence, without terror great.
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves,
 Each shepherd's pray'r retards the parting waves; 285
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose,
 Fresh flow'rs for ever rise, and fruitful harvest grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous goddess go?
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below?
 Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast, 290
 And fields where mad Bellerophon was lost?
 Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd,
 By seas from Icarus' downfal nam'd?
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice,
 To wise persuasion deaf and human cries, 295
 Yet upward she incessant flies,
 Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
 And tell great Jove she sings his image here;
 To ask for William an Olympic crown,
 To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed unknown;
 Till lost in trackless fields of shining day, 301
 Unable to discern the way,
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, by any muse before,
 She, from the noble precipices thrown, 305
 Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down:
 Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
 The song too daring, and the theme too great!
 Yet rather thus she wills to die,
 Than in continu'd annals live to sing 310
 A second hero or a vulgar king,
 And with ignoble safety fly
 In sight of earth along a middle sky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
 That round his mystic temple press, 315
 For William's life and Albion's peace,
 Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.
 Janus, cast thy forward eye
 Future into great Rhea's pregnant womb,

Where young ideas brooding lie, 320
 And tender images of things to come,
 Till by thy high commands releas'd,
 Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
 In decent order they advance to light;
 Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight, 325
 And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
 Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
 Nor trophies brought from battles won,
 Nor oaken wreath nor mural crown 330
 Can any future honours give
 To the victorious monarch's name:
 The plenitude of William's fame
 Can no accumulated stores receive.
 Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate, 335
 And make us happy as our king is great:
 Be kind, and with a milder hand
 Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
 (Tho' noble, 'twas an iron page)
 A more delightful leaf expand, 340
 Free from alarms and fierce Bellona's rage,
 Bid the great Months begin their joyful round,
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd:
 Teach the glad Hours to scatter as they fly
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy; 345
 Lead forth the Years for peace and plenty fam'd,
 From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand,
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear 350
 Foreign calamity and distant war,
 Of which let her great Heav'n no portion bear.
 Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,
 And as she wills let either part prevail:
 Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn, 355
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn;

Around her coast let strong defence be spread,
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed,
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess' head.

XXVII.

Where the white tow'rs and ancient roofs did stand,
 Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand, 361
 To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame.
 Let a young phoenix raise her tow'ring head,
 Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread,
 And by her greatness show her builder's fame : 365
 August and open, as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts design'd ;
 Let every sacred pillar bear
 Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
 The king shall there in Parthian marble breathe, 370
 His shoulder bleeding fresh ; and at his feet
 Disarm'd shall lie the threat'ning Death :
 (For so was saving Jove's decree complete)
 Behind, that angel shall be plac'd whose shield
 Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd : 375
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
 Boyne shall raise his laurell'd head,
 And his immortal stream be known
 Artfully waving thro' the wounded stone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd, 380
 With all the monarch's trophies charg'd :
 Thou, the fair heav'n that dost the stars inclose
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own. 385

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee thou ty'st the mystic string,
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats and shields, 390
 Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms, nor fears those arms should shine

With an unequal ray, or that his deed
 With paler glory should recede,
 Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame 395
 E'en of his own maternal Nassau's name.

XXX.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confest,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
 Born to protect and love, to help and please,
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace. 400
 O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
 Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
 Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt
 Which the great patron only would forget,
 And duty, long as life, must study to acquit. 405

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
 Asserting regal pow'r and just command.
 To the great house thy favour shall be shown.
 The father's star transmissive to the son.
 For thee the Talbots and the Seymours race 410
 Inform'd, their fires' immortal steps shall trace:
 Happy may their sons receive
 The bright reward which thou alone canst give.

XXXII.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide,
 If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside, 415
 Jersey, belov'd by all, (for all must feel
 The influence of a form and mind
 Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
 Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)
 Jersey shall at thy altars stand, 420
 Shall there receive the azure band,
 That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
 Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
 Be our great master's future charge; 425
 To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
 High schemes of government and plans of wars;

By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
 To emulous merit and to thirst of praise;
 To lead them out from ease ere op'ning dawn
 Thro' the thick forest and the distant lawn,
 Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
 And chases give them images of war:
 To teach them vigilance by false alarms
 Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
 Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
 Mocking the foe, now to his rapid speed
 To give the rein, and in the full career
 To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
 Planting societies for peaceful arts;
 Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,
 And by experiment make precept sound;
 Some that to morals shall recall the age,
 And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage;
 Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
 And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech,
 That from our writers distant realms may know
 The thanks we to our monarch owe,
 And schools profess our tongue thro' ev'ry land
 That has invok'd his aid or blest his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high pow'r the drooping Muses rear,
 The Muses only can reward his care;
 'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils;
 'Tis they that still renew Ulysses toils:
 To them by smiling Jove 'twas giv'n to save
 Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
 To them great William's glory to recall,
 When statues moulder and when arches fall.
 Nor let the Muses with ungrateful pride
 The sources of their treasure hide;
 The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
 When with big joy they strike the living lyre:
 On William's fame their fate depends:
 With him the song begins, with him it ends.

From the bright effluence of his deed
 They borrow that reflected light
 With which the lasting lamp they feed,
 Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Thro' various climes, and to each distant pole, 470
 In happy tides let active Commerce roll;
 Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
 Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece,
 Returning loaden with the shining stores
 Which lie profuse on either India's shores. 475
 As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way
 Let all the naval world due homage pay;
 With hasty rev'rence their top-honours lower,
 Confessing the asserted pow'r
 To whom by Fate 'twas giv'n, with happy sway 480
 To calm the earth and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our pray'rs are heard; our master's fleets shall go
 As far as winds can bear or waters flow,
 New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
 In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's pow'r; 485
 Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
 And teach 'em arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy and with respectful fear
 The list'ning people shall his story hear;
 The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd, 490
 How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
 Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
 And form their children's accents to his name,
 Inquiring how and when from heav'n he came.
 Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide 495
 Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
 Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd:
 When William's virtues raise their op'ning thought,
 His forty years for public freedom fought,
 Europe by his hand sustain'd, 500
 His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
 And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive pow'r,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour : 505
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise ;
When the great father's character they find
Visibly stamp'd upon the hero's mind,
And own a present Deity confess, 510
In valour that preserv'd, and pow'r that blest.

XL.

Thro' the large convex of the azure sky
(For thither Nature casts our common eye)
Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light,
And comets march, with lawless horror bright. 515
These hear no rule, no righteous order own,
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown ;
Thro' threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,
Till ardent pray'r averts the public woe :
But the bright orb that blesses all above, 520
The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will,
Nor by ungovern'd pow'r declines to ill :
Fixt by just laws he goes for ever right ;
Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus ! would entreated Fate conspire 526
To grant what Britain's wishes could require,
Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule and bless below :
But a relentless destiny 530
Urges all that e'er was born ;
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god ; the earthly half must die.
Yet if our incense can your wrath remove,
If human pray'rs avail on minds above, 535
Exert, great God, thy int'rest in the sky,
Gain each kind pow'r, each guardian deity,
That conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away :

O! long as utmost Nature may allow, 540
 Let them retard the threaten'd day :
 Still be our master's life thy happy care ;
 Still let his blessings with his years increase ;
 To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,
 Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace :
 Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast, 546
 Whose verdure must for ever last.

XLII.

Long let this growing era bless his sway,
 And let our sons his present rule obey ;
 On his sure virtue long let earth rely, 550
 And late let the imperial Eagle fly,
 To bear the hero thro' his father's sky
 To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed
 On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed :
 To Hercules at length, absolv'd by Fate 555
 From earthly toil, and above envy great :
 To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
 Sire of the Latian and the British throne ;
 To all the radiant names above,
 Rever'd by men and dear to Jove ; 560
 Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star
 New-born, in rising majesty appear,
 To triumph over vanquish'd night,
 And guide the prosp'rous mariner
 With everlasting beams of friendly light. 565

CELIA TO DAMON.

Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo
 Inveniuntur.----- *Lucret. Lib. IV.*

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my love,
 If its excess and fury be not known
 In what thy Celia has already done ?
 Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd 5
 In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld ?
 With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear
 That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear.

In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
Or shelter passion under friendship's name : 10
You saw my heart how it my tongue bely'd,
And when you press'd how faintly I deny'd.—
Ere guardian thought could bring its scatter'd aid,
Ere reason could support the doubting maid,
My soul surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd, 15
Left all reserve and all the sex behind :
From your command her motions she receiv'd,
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine, 20
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound,
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone ;
And sure I am thou wouldst not change this hour 25
For all the white ones Fate has in its pow'r—

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how, 30
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne,
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh ;
Invading fears repel my coward joy, 35
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose ;
But with no owner beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of time borne swift away. 40
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)
No longer shall their little honours keep,
Shall only be of use to read or weep ;
And on this forehead, where your verse has said 45
The Loves delighted and the Graces play'd,
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may cease,
 And as the fuel sinks the flame decrease; 50
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare,
 And sickness strike what time a while would spare:
 Then will my swain his glowing vows renew?
 Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true,
 When my own face deters me from my glass, 55
 And Kneller only shows what Celia was?

Fantastic Fame may sound her wild alarms;
 Your country, as you think, may want your arms:
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate, the flame,
 Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name, 60
 And quickly cold indiff'rence will ensue.

When you love's joys thro' honour's optic view.

Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak
 To this abandon'd breast to bring you back:
 When my lost lover the tall ship ascends, 65
 With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
 The tender accents of a woman's cry
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
 When the rough seamen's louder shouts prevail,
 When fair occasion shows the springing gale, 70
 And int'rest guides the helm, and honour swells the
 sail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand
 May find my hero on the foreign strand,
 Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command;
 While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft, 75
 To the rude censure of the world is left,
 Her mangled fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
 The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
 Sighs to my breast and sorrow to my eyes. 80
 Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
 That tyrant god, that restless conqueror,
 May quit his pleasure to assert his pow'r;
 Forsake the provinces that bless his sway, 85
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another nymph, with fatal pow'r, may rise
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes ;
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confest,
 And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest. / 90
 You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain,
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain ;
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
 And her embraces want the pow'r to warm ;
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
 More heavy chains than those of hopeless love. 96

Just gods ! all other things their like produce ;
 The vine arises from her mother's juice ;
 When feeble plants or tender flow'rs decay
 They to their seed their images convey ; 100
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads ;
 And when the parent rose decays and dies,
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
 That product only which our passions bear 105
 Eludes the planter's miserable care.
 While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root ;
 Soon fall the flow'rs of joy, soon seeds of hatred shoot.

Say Shepherd, say, are these reflections true ? 110
 Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
 This cruel scene, unjust to love and you ?
 Will you be only and for ever mine ?
 Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin ?
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn ? 115
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn ?
 And can you not for her you love do more
 Than any youth for any nymph before ? 118

DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

Imitated from the

FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Nympha, precur, Penei mane,--- Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
 Disiniss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head ;
 With kind regard a panting lover view ;
 Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue ;
 Pathless, alas ! and rugged is the ground,
 Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound. 5

DAPH. *aside*] This care is for himself as sure as death ;
 One mile has put the fellow out of breath :
 He'll never do, I'll lead him th' other round ;
 Wasly he is, perhaps not over sound. 10

APOL. You fly, alas ! not knowing whom you fly ;
 Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown am I :
 I Claros' isle and Tenedos command—

DAPH. Thank ye, I wou'd not leave my native land.

APOL. What is to come by certain arts I know. 15

DAPH. Pish ! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOL. Behold the beauty of my locks—

DAPH. ————— A fig —————

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig :
 Who cares for all that bush of curling hair, 20
 Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare ?

APOL. I sing. ———

DAPH. — That never shall be Daphne's choice.
 Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOL. Of ev'ry herb I tell the mystic pow'r, 25
 To certain health the patient I restore,
 Sent for, caress'd—

DAPH — Ours is a wholesome air ;
 You'd better go to Town and practise there :
 For me, I've no obstructions to remove ; 30
 I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove,
 And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOL. For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose.

DAPH. So do your brother quacks and brother beaux ;
Memorials only and reviews write prose. 35

APOL. From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.—

DAPH. Then leaving me, whom sure you would not
In yonder thicket exercise your skill : [kill,
Shoot there at beasts ; but for the human heart 40
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOL. Yet turn, O beauteous Maid, yet deign to hear
A love-sick deity's impetuous pray'r
O let me woo thee as thou would'st be woo'd.

DAPH. First, therefore, don't be so extremely rude ;
Don't tear the hedges down and tread the clover, 46
Like an hobgoblin rather than a lover :
Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come,
At ebbing tide he always is at home.

Read the Courant with him, and let him know 50
A little politics, how matters go

Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po.

As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat and ask how Daphne does :

These sort of folks will to each other tell 55

That you respect me ; that you know looks well :

Then if you are, as you pretend, the god

That rules the day, and much upon the road,

You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,

That you may bring one home from Africa ; 60

Some little rarity, some bird or beast,

And now and then a jewel from the East ;

A lacquer'd cabinet, some China-ware ;

You have 'em mighty cheap at Pekin fair.

Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove, 65

Nor take example by your father Jove.

Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,

Make me (Lord what startle's you ?) your wife.

I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more ;

We mortals seldom live above fourscore : 70

Fourscore ; you're good at numbers ; let us see,
 Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three ;
 Aye, in that span of time you'll bury me.
 Mean-time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
 (Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life)

75

They'll quickly end, you see ; what signify
 A few odd years to you that never die ?

And, after all, you're half your time away,
 You know your bus'ness takes you up all day ;

And coming late to bed, you need not fear,

80

Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep my dear :

Or, if a winter-evening should be long,

Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.

Your wife, your steeds, diachalon, and rhyme,

May take up any honest godhead's time.

85

Thus, as you like it, you may love again,

And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear ; retreat, or follow ;

I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo ;

And may I split into ten thousand trees

90

If I give up on other terms than these.

She said, but what the am'rous god reply'd,

So Fate ordain'd, is to our search deny'd ;

By rats, alas ! the manuscript is ate ;

O cruel banquet which we all regret ;

95

Bavius, thy labours must this work restore,

May thy good-will be equal to thy pow'r.

97



COLIN'S MISTAKES.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

*Me ludit amabilis
Infania.*

Hop.

FAST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred,
(Ye Nymphs, for ever guard that sacred stream)
To Wimple's woody shade his way he sped,
(Flourish those woods, the Muses' endless theme.)
As whilom Colin ancient books had read, 5
Lays Greek and Roman would he oft rehearse,
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,
What Father Spenser sung in British verse.
Who reads that bard desire like him to write,
Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight. 10

II.

Soon as Aurora had unbar'd the morn,
And light discover'd Nature's cheerful face,
The sounding clarion and the sprightly horn
Call'd the blithe huntsman to the distant chase.
Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly band; 15
The deep mouth'd hounds with thunder rend the air,
The fiery couriers strike the rising sand,
Far thro' the thicket flies the frightened deer;
Harley the honour of the day supports, [sports.
His presence glads the woods, his orders guide the

III.

On a fair palfrey, well equipp'd, did sit 21
An Amazonian dame; a scarlet vest,
For active horsemanship adaptly fit,
Enclōs'd her dainty limbs; a plumed crest
Wav'd o'er her head; obedient by her side 25
Her friends and servants rode; with artful hand
Full well knew she the steed to turn and guide:
The willing steed receiv'd her soft command:
Courage and sweetness on her face was seated;
On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake, 31
 For alltydes was the Muse to Colin nigh,
 Ah me, too nigh ! or, Clio, I mistake,
 Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,
 Is Jove's fair daughter Pallas, gracious queen 35
 Of lib'ral arts ; with wonder and delight
 In Homer's verse we read her ; well I ween
 That em'lous of his Grecian master's flight,
 Dan Spenser makes the fav'rite goddess known,
 When in her graceful look fair Britomart is shown. 40

V.

At noon as Colin to the castle came,
 Op'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast ;
 Appears at table rich yclad a dame,
 The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest ;
 With pearl and jewels was she sumptuous deck'd, 45
 As well became her dignity and place,
 But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
 To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
 Serene with glory, and with softness bright :
 O beauty sent from heav'n to cheer the mortal sight ! 50

VI.

Lib'ral Munificence behind her stood,
 And decent State obey'd her high command,
 And Charity, diffuse of native good,
 At once portrays her mind and guides her hand.
 As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to list, 55
 And silence with obliging parley broke,
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift !
 But how more gracious what the giver spoke !
 Such ease, such freedom, did her deed attend,
 That ev'ry guest rejoic'd exalted to a friend. 60

VII.

Quoth Colin, Clio, if my feeble sense
 Can well distinguish yon 'illustrious dame,
 Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense
 In Latian numbers, Juno is her name ;
 Great goddess who, with peace and plenty crown'd,
 To all that under sky breathe vital air, 66

Diffuseth blifs, and thro' the world around
 Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer;
 Certes of her in semblant guise I read,
 Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deed. 70

VIII.

As Colin mus'd at ev'ning near the wood,
 A nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past,
 Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd,
 A ribband bound and shap'd her slender waist;
 A veil dependent from her comely head, 75
 And beauteous plenty of Ambrosial hair,
 O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air:
 The smiling Zephyrs call'd their am'rous brothers,
 They kiss'd the waving lawn, and wafted it to others.

IX.

Daisies and violets rose where'er she trod, 81
 As Flora, kind, her roots and buds had sort'd;
 And, led by Hymen, wedlock's mystic god,
 Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported,
 Quoth Colin, now I ken the goddess bright 85
 Whom poets sing: all human hearts enthrall'd
 Obey her pow'r; her kindness the delight
 Of gods and men; great Venus she is call'd,
 When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse;
 Belphebe is her name in gentle Edmund's verse. 90

X.

Heard this the Muse, and with a smile reply'd,
 Which shew'd soft anger mix'd with friendly love;
 Twin sisters still were Ignorance and Pride;
 Can we know right till error we remove?
 But Colin, well I wist will never learn; 65
 Who flights his guide shall deviate from his way:
 Me to have ask'd what thou couldst not discern
 To thee pertain'd; to me the thing to say.
 What heav'nly will from human eye conceals,
 How can the bard aread unless the Muse reveals? 100

XI.

Nor Pallas thou nor Britomart hast seen,
 When soon at morn the flying deer was chas'd;

Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenser's fairy Queen,
At noontide dealt the honours of the feast :
Nor Venus nor Belphebe didst thou spy,
The ev'ning's glory and the grove's delight :
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the day to knowing mortals fight
Bright Ca'ndish-Holles Harley stood confest,
As various hour advis'd in various habit drest.

105

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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